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GENERAL MAKE-UP.

(THE NORTH AS BRUTUS, AND THE SOUTH AS CASSIUS.)

Cassius. . . . .Brutus hath riv'n my heart:
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.
Brutus. I do not, till you practice them on me.
Cas. *You love me not.*
Bru. *I do not like your faults.*
Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.
Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.
Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is aweary of the world:
Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observ'd,
Set in a note-book, learn'd and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes!—There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast....
Bru. Sheath your dagger:
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonor shall be humor.
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb
That carries anger as the flint bears fire;
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.
Cas. Hath Cassius liv'd
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him?
Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.
Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.
Bru. And my heart too. —SHAKSPEARE.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1880.

NEW SERIAL STORY.

A new Serial Story for Girls, by MRS. JOHN LILLIE, *entitled*

MILDRED'S BARGAIN,

will be begun in an early number of YOUNG PEOPLE.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY—16 PAGES.

No. 55 *of* HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, *issued November* 16, *opens with an illustrated story of the New Hampshire Mountains, by* ROSE TERRY COOKE, *entitled "The Fox-skin Coat." It also contains "'Alice' and the Wolves," an incident of life in Arizona fifteen years ago, illustrated; Chapter Ten of "Who was Paul Grayson?" illustrated; "The Story of a Victoria Cross," and how it was won by "Quiet Quentin," illustrated; "The Roverings and the Parade;" Chapter Three of "The Boy General;" "A Child's Victory," an illustrated story for girls; the funny poem of "Señorita Catita Maltesa," with five illustrations; "A Pleasant Evening," with a description of the games and tricks that made it so, by* FRANK BELLEW, *illustrated; besides poems, puzzles, and an unusually attractive and full Post-office Box.*

THE NORTH AND THE SOUTH.

THERE is much speculation since the election about the "solid South." Mr. DORSEY, the secretary of the Republican Committee, says that the popular majority for General GARFIELD in the Northern States will be 520,000, while General HANCOCK's in the same States will hardly reach 1800. In view of this astounding difference, and of the suppression of the Republican vote in many parts of the Southern States, there is no doubt whatever of the enormous popular as well as electoral majority for GARFIELD in the Northern States. What effect will this have upon the "solid South"? The result shows one thing clearly, and that is the decision of the North, by which we do not mean a section so much as an idea, to hold together so long as "the South" solidly confronts it. That is merely to say that the theories of the Union and Constitution which are known as Southern, the social and industrial traditions of that part of the country, and its general spirit and condition to-day, are not such as to show that an administration controlled by "the South" would be more beneficial than a "Northern" administration. While, therefore, "the South" remains solid, it forces this question of sectionalism upon the country, and if the question is to be which section shall govern, the answer is very sure to be that which has been now recorded.

Intelligent people in the Southern States ought to see that the assumption of greater desire of sectional good feeling upon the part of the Democrats than upon that of the Republicans is ridiculous. Here, for instance, in the State of New York, the aggregate HANCOCK majorities are 61,744, and the aggregate GARFIELD majorities 83,757. But to these HANCOCK totals the city of New York contributes more than 41,000, and the city of Brooklyn more than 9000. That is to say, more than 50,000 of the Democratic 61,744 come from these two cities. These figures represent the least intelligent voters in those cities. Now does any sensible Southern man really suppose that the slums and grog-shops and foreign elements of New York and Brooklyn are more friendly to an honest mutual good understanding between the sections than the vast majorities of intelligent and substantial American citizens throughout the State of New York? We are constantly told that if we lived in any Southern State we should be Democrats. Granting this, for the argument. It then follows that the intelligence of "the South" is Democratic, and that of "the North" is Republican. Why should they not pull together? How is it the interest of business men in Charleston, Savannah, New Orleans, and Mobile, or of any well-disposed citizens in any Southern State, to be politically allied with the worst elements of great cities in the Northern States? Indeed, take the extremest illustrations: what natural or reasonable ground of political alliance is there between WADE HAMPTON and JOHN KELLY? There is none whatever, except the desire of HAMPTON and his friends to seize control of the government. They wish the votes of the Northern slums now, as the old slave-holding lords wished them formerly, to secure power. It is an alliance of contempt on the one side, and of venality upon the other. But it has constantly failed for twenty years, and it will continue to fail; and fortunately there are some signs that intelligent men in the Southern States are tired of so barren a league.

The Charleston *News and Courier* is a Democratic paper of good standing in South Carolina. Commenting upon the election, it says:

> "The South has been kept solid by the conviction that in no other way could the inalienable rights guaranteed by the Constitution be effectively maintained. We answer for it that if the Southern States can be relieved of this feeling (as they would have been had HANCOCK been elected), the Southern people will turn their thoughts and attention to practical business affairs, and will be ruled in politics by the considerations which control voters in States where the negro is an abstraction and the carpet-bagger an unknown quantity. That will be the end of the solid South. The lines may run from North to South hereafter. Better still, each community will seek its own advantage, hoping at the same time that the aggregation of local advantages will comport with the good fortune, happiness, and freedom of the whole people."

To this there are two things to be said: one is that no administration could respect more scrupulously all rights guaranteed by the Constitution than the present Republican administration, and the other is that the rights guaranteed by the Constitution are and have been deliberately and systematically outraged by the party of the *News and Courier*, and with the approval of that paper. In Columbia, South Carolina, according to the correspondence of the New York *Times*, ballot-boxes were "stuffed" by Democrats, Republican ballots were drawn from other boxes and burned, and armed Democrats bulldozed Republican voters. At Darlington, in the same State, upon the same authority, the Red Shirts took possession of the town, prevented the access of Republicans to the polls, threatened them with revolvers, and drove away a thousand Republicans. The *News and Courier* would do well to reflect that it is this Southern Democratic overthrow of rights guaranteed by the Constitution that has given General GARFIELD an aggregate popular majority in the Northern States of 520,000 to General HANCOCK's 1800. It is the conviction of intelligent and patriotic citizens of the Northern States that one of the objects of the alliance between WADE HAMPTON and the Northern slums is to protect and facilitate such crimes that have produced the result of the election. If "the South" proposes to remain solid until "the North" acquiesces in the overthrow of the civil and political rights of those whom it freed, "the South" will remain solid for a long time. But now that this is fully understood, now that it is evident to every man of sense in the Southern States that the Republican party has no disposition whatever to harm any constitutional right of any person or of any State, the new administration may justly expect the open and frank support of those at the South who desire a cordial good understanding among all sections of the country.

BOSSES.

THE Brooklyn *Eagle* is a Democratic journal of acknowledged ability, and its late remarks upon "Bosses" are as significant as they are truthful. "Bosses and thorough organization," it says, "are incompatible." This truth, which is constantly forgotten in both parties, the *Eagle* elucidates very clearly. "The success of organization depends upon reason. The success of the boss is due to underhand arts." And the *Eagle* says what every young man should remember—for nothing is more constantly proved—that "no young man can hope for the favor of a boss who does not begin by cultivating the temper of a lickspittle." This is said of the Democratic boss in New York by a Democratic paper, but it is as true of Republican bosses everywhere. The rule of bosses reduces political success to the favor of one man, who owes his power, not to ability and natural superiority, but to a system which he did not originate, but of which he takes advantage. The power of JOHN KELLY is not derived from natural mastery, like the leadership of HENRY CLAY or of Mr. GLADSTONE. It rests wholly upon patronage. It is at every point venal and mercenary. A boss is a politician whose sole business is politics in the lowest sense, of buying men with place, or promise or hope of place, to serve his personal ends. If they knew that he could pay no price for their devotion, they would not be devoted. But by patronage the boss controls caucuses and conventions; he dictates and carries nominations; and once in possession of the "regular" organization, his will becomes the voice of the party. To oppose it is to promote the success of the other party; and unless the voter thinks his party boss a greater evil than party defeat, he swallows his chagrin, and supports the party.

The Mayoralty vote in New York, however, showed that a multitude of Democrats preferred the defeat of the "regular" party candidate for Mayor. Even their party loyalty would not induce them to recognize Mr. KELLY as an irresponsible dictator. The rebuke of the result, we trust, will be heeded by all bosses. The moral is that mere "regularity" is not enough, because "regularity" may involve hostility to fundamental principles and institutions. We heard an exceedingly foolish Republican say, at the close of the campaign, in a public speech, "I am a Republican, right or wrong." A man who puts such a silly declaration into practice is a contemptible public enemy. A man may sacrifice preferences, but not principles. He may sacrifice lesser interests to greater in a political campaign. But when he does what he feels to be wrong, at the command of his party, every good patriot justly despises him. A man belongs to a party in order to secure what he believes to be right and best for the country. When he supports it in doing what he thinks to be wrong and hurtful to the common welfare, he is scuttling the ship.

It is upon this kind of mean servility that bosses depend for their ascendency. The man who is a Republican right or wrong is the lickspittle of whom the *Eagle* speaks in its own party, and he is heartily despised by the master who uses him. The Democrats in New York who refused to vote the regular Democratic ticket for Mayor, like the Republicans who last year scratched part of their State ticket, are a standing warning to bosses. Such party men are the proof that a mere label of regularity is not enough. They are, of course, the subjects of much "machine" opprobrium. But they have a comfortable power. They and they alone, for instance, have made Mr. GARFIELD President. Had the Republican voters who, for reasons satisfactory to themselves, rejected "regularity" in part of the State ticket last year, rejected it in the general ticket this year, General HANCOCK would have been elected. "Deputy Democrats," undoubtedly, from one point of view; but from another, independent Republicans. The moral, again, for bosses to consider is that the small and independent number who make the majority wear no collar. They belong to a party for the sake of the country, and not of a boss. It is not those who are Republicans right or wrong, but those who are Republicans right, who give the party its hold upon the country, and to whom the party is indebted for its late victory. So JOHN KELLY has learned that the important point for him to ponder is not whether he can carry the 1100 Tammany heelers who wear his collar, but whether he can carry Democrats like Mr. WICKHAM and his friends for anything to which he attaches his label. Organization is indispensable to party success. But intelligence and discussion are essential to organization. Bosses are fatal, because their rule is that of stupid servility.

A NECESSARY MEASURE.

IT is very fortunate that the late election was determined by the vote of the Northern States. Had the Democratic candidate apparently succeeded, the result could have been produced only by the vote of the Southern States, which is flagrantly, notoriously, and undeniably fraudulent. No intelligent man believes that the elections in parts of South Carolina, Mississippi, and Alabama, for instance, were in any sense whatever honest elections. Except for the decisive result in the Western and Northern States there would have been a general conviction that the Presidency had been usurped by force and fraud—a conclusion which would have been very disastrous for the peace of the country. Mr. W. H. BARNUM, the chairman of the National Democratic Committee, who circulated the forged MOREY letter, is understood to favor an attempt to count the vote of New York for General HANCOCK. Mr. JOHN KELLY, also, who is buried under the execrations of his own party for sacrificing all their chances to the gratification of his personal whims and interests, would like to escape his doom by a silly allegation that New York was carried by repeaters from Vermont. The sensible men of the Democratic party will dispose of these worthies, and they will undoubtedly consider, also, whether a party can rightfully expect national success under the leadership of a BARNUM, or local credit under that of a KELLY. There is much wisdom in the remark of the old farmer, "The American people are not a darned fool."

But will not such Democrats as we speak of join Republicans of the same kind in demanding of Congress a proper provision for adjusting disputed returns of Presidential electors? Four years ago at this time the country was in a state of uncertainty and apprehension which can not be recalled without gratitude for the happy issue out of our afflictions. But do we wish that this should be the constant situation? Before a week had passed after the election of General GARFIELD an indignant Democratic paper had nominated Mr. TILDEN as the Democratic candidate for 1884. If we are to be always tossing upon the waves of a Presidential canvass, let us at least make the ship stanch and secure. Everybody knows that the provision for counting the electoral vote is the weak spot in the Constitution. It is wholly vague. The power of the Vice-President, for instance, is so indefinite that upon a perfectly plausible difference of construction the country might readily drift into civil war. It is a reflection upon the good sense of the American people that the matter has been left open since 1876, and that some just and simple, and of course entirely non-partisan, plan, like that of Senator EDMUNDS, has not been adopted. It is in no sense a party question. Honorable men of all parties are interested in a peaceful and legal adjustment of all questions that arise respecting the validity of elections. The general principles of a just provision would hardly be a subject of difference among those who really wished a settlement.

The necessity for action is the more imperative because with the present number of States in the Union the electoral votes of the solid South with those of New York and Indiana are a majority of the whole number. This practically reduces every Presidential contest, so long as the solidity of the South—a fraudulent solidity—remains, to a struggle for these two States. This may be a good reason for Democratic demagogues to refuse to settle the question. But the Republican party, which is especially the party of peace and the Constitution and lawful methods, is under a moral obligation to adopt some measure in Congress which will remedy this acknowledged defect in the electoral system. The experience of the practical value to a party of good administration, which has been furnished during the last four years, should be a conclusive argument for the sound policy of a reasonable regulation of the electoral count and of all electoral disputes.

IRELAND AND THE IRISH.

THE Irish question has superseded the Eastern question in public attention, and it is becoming exceedingly grave. The *Herald* points out a striking distinction between the methods of O'CONNELL and of PARNELL. When the British government laid its hand of law upon O'CONNELL, he forbade his followers to show the least resistance. But now that the same hand is laid upon PARNELL, he urgently advises resistance. He insists, indeed, that his agitation is peaceful and lawful, and Mr. MICHAEL DAVITT, one of the founders of the Land League, said the same thing in his late farewell speech in New York. He declared that the League had no sympathy with crime. Its aim is not to shoot landlords, but landlordism. But, he said, if landlords and agents are assassinated, "blame the infamous system, the damnable laws, and don't heap abuse upon the Irish people." Mr. DAVITT made a strong statement of the situation. Vast tracts of territory in Ireland are owned by a few absentee proprietors, and by great corporations, which "have no souls." These owners take $50,000,000 out of Ireland every year, and when famine comes, the people are helpless. This is a lamentable situation. Nobody denies that no country has been more misgoverned than Ireland. But, on the other hand, in no country of similar misgovernment has there been such remedial progress during the last hundred years. Read the Irish story of a century ago, as told in MASSEY's *George the Third*, or the sketches in GOLDWIN SMITH's *William Pitt*, and *Irish History and Character*—a very valuable work—or even in FROUDE's late article in the *Nineteenth Century*, and our statement will not be questioned.

Now, in the light of Irish story, what is to be gained by another insurrection? It is true that Mr. PARNELL and the Land League allege that they do not counsel violence, but what do they say and do? Let Mr. DAVITT answer. He said in New York the other evening that last year the League was forced to advise the tenants either to sell their property to pay their rents, or to live on the food they had produced. That is to say, the League advised the tenants not to pay rent. But it went farther. If any tenant refused to pay rent, and was evicted, the League advised a moral reprobation of any other tenant taking his place. Now we grant the extreme suffering and its piteous appeal. But what was this advice but a denial of the owner's right of property? The landlord is the owner. The tenants use his property, and the League advises them not to acknowledge his ownership. This is an assault upon property itself, and the practical question for Ireland and the Irish is, not whether there ought be property in land, not whether

the Irish land laws are unjust, not whether there is not great and terrible suffering, but whether an apparently armed assault upon the right of property is likely to relieve the suffering of Ireland. This is the Irish question, as Mr. PARNELL presents it; and presented in this form, it arrays against him all parties in England, and all but anarchists everywhere.

The oppressive anomalies of Irish land laws ought to be corrected, and they have been long in process of correction. It may be true that the question of unlimited and absolute ownership of land is one which is not yet wisely settled. But in the mean time the general principles of property in land should apply in Ireland as elsewhere. When the relations of landlord and tenant are adjusted there as they are in this country, for instance, there will be no more cause of complaint there than here. But Mr. PARNELL and the League do not propose that adjustment; they propose that an Irish tenant shall pay a fair rent—and who is to decide?—for thirty-five years, and then the tenant is to take the land in fee. If that is a good rule in Ireland, it is a good rule in New York. But what should we think in the United States of a gentleman who organized a vast association and agitation upon the principle that those who hired land should pay what they think to be a fair rent for thirty or forty years, and then in consideration of that payment become the owners of the land? This, of course, is what England thinks of the Irish question as now presented, and when it sees that instead of a "peaceful and lawful agitation" there are assassinations and a growing terror, the English government is bound to interfere. Mr. PARNELL may argue that there ought to be no property in land, or that the tenure should be changed. That is a fair subject of discussion. But when he treats lightly the murder of owners of property for enforcing their rights, or advises a practical denial of those rights, he is certainly not befriending Ireland.

THE NATIONAL POLICY OF THE NEW ADMINISTRATION.

WE have elsewhere discussed the general question of the solid South, and we have suggested that the change must begin in that section. Those Southerners—and they are many—who are tired of seeing their States made mere counters in the games of old and tricky politicians have now an opportunity of making themselves felt. If they do not assert themselves, they will contribute to the prolongation of a situation which should not be prolonged. The natural method of dividing the solid South is, first, upon local questions, although the returns of the late election show that some Republican members of Congress have succeeded in districts hitherto Democratic. This is evidence of dissatisfaction with Democratic partisanship, which is suggestive of good results.

Those, however, who are willing to assert themselves against the Democratic despotism when a fair chance offers may rightfully ask what will probably be the policy of the GARFIELD administration. This question must be answered from General GARFIELD's known character and antecedents. As we said last week, he has never been a bitter partisan, and his speeches upon the Southern questions have always shown a sound good sense, a reasonableness to which no equally reasonable and honest Southerner could take exception. It is, we think, safe to assume that the general attitude of the HAYES administration upon this subject will be maintained, with the important difference that more direct attention will be paid to the party organization and interests in those States.

In what way this will be done, time will reveal. It is to be presumed, however, that in nominating persons to fill vacant places, and generally in the whole matter of appointments and removals, the new President will not seek to reward men of questionable character for alleged useful "work," but that he will select honest men of the most unquestionable patriotism and fidelity to the Union, of known business character and fitness, conscious that in this way only can the real interests of the party be subserved. A Republican administration which manifestly aims to place the public service in the Southern States in the hands of perfectly loyal, upright, and efficient officers, in sympathy with the patriotic spirit of the administration, rather than in those of notorious and unrespected "politicians," will do more for Republicanism in the Southern States than all such politicians together can ever do. Where there are such officers already they will doubtless be retained. Such a course will be the wisest policy, and the most accordant with General GARFIELD's expressed views, and therefore it is the probable policy of the new administration.

COLLEGES NORTH AND SOUTH.

PRESIDENT DREHER, of Roanoke College, in Virginia, contributes to the *Educational Journal of Virginia* for November a paper originally read before the Educational Association of the State, upon endowments, and how capital is to be attracted to colleges. Quoting Dean STANLEY's admiration of American gifts to education, President DREHER mentions that more than $30,000,000 was given by private donors to promote education during the first half the present decade.

His interest in Southern institutions of learning, over one of which he presides, naturally led the speaker to observe how very little of the vast amount given to foster education in this country has been given to colleges in the Southern States. He justly remarks that the fundamental ideas of WASHINGTON, JEFFERSON, and MADISON—three great Virginians—and those of their Northern colleagues, that a republican government can rest safely only upon the intelligence and virtue of the people, took practical shape at the North in a generous State system of elementary education, leaving the higher education to the support of private interest. In the South, on the contrary, no provision was made for the elementary instruction of the masses of the people, while nearly all the States established State universities, which could be attended only by the more fortunate classes of the people. At the West the disposition is to supply both the elementary and the higher education by direct legislation.

Thus the Northern theory has seemed to be that education is for all, while the Southern view is that it is for the few who are to be the leaders of society and the State. It is remarkable when a rich man in the Northern States leaves a will without a liberal bequest to a college or institution of education. It is surprising when a rich Southern names a college in his will. President DREHER's address is very suggestive and excellent. It treats a subject which is sure to receive more general attention. Education is not a local but a national interest. The nation can not afford to allow large communities to grow up in barbarous ignorance.

AN AMERICAN VIEW IN ENGLAND.

AN article in the London *Contemporary Review*, for November, upon "Party Politics in the United States," is a clear and correct statement of the situation in this country, except that the writer anticipated the election of General HANCOCK. It is a Republican view, and it is the most accurate, with that exception, which English readers will have seen in their own periodicals. We do not say this because of the writer's good opinion of the weekly illustrated papers, but because of its shrewdness and good sense. Its object is to describe the situation faithfully, and it succeeds.

The soundness of the author's strictures upon the press of New York will not be as heartily acknowledged. He thinks that our papers are *news* papers, and nothing more, and that their editorials are neglected, and without influence. He admits notable exceptions; and as he does not mention them, every paper may be happy. On the whole, the writer's judgment is that the political influence of the press in this country is probably less than it is in England at any single election, and that its general influence in educating the people in regard to great constitutional questions is very much below that of the English press.

The article concludes with the assertion that Americans are not as boastful and self-satisfied as they were twenty years ago. They see their dangers, but have faith in their institutions. They wish neither a monarchy nor socialism. Of late years there is more inclination among intelligent men to take part in politics, and to exert their legitimate influence. Party rule is accepted, but it is seen to be capable of modification and improvement. Altogether it is a very sensible article, although we should have something to say about our press in a different view from that of the writer.

LONDON FOGS.

LONDON fogs are familiar enough, and those who are familiar also with TURNER's pictures know of what pictorial effects they are capable. But they are becoming the curse of London, and the *Spectator* says that if the evil increases as rapidly as it has recently done, the prosperity as well as the healthiness of the metropolis will be affected. Last year a fog lay over London immovable for more than nine weeks. Asthmatic people died at a rate of two and a quarter times the usual proportion, children with whooping-cough could not get well, and everybody with an affection of the lungs suffered peculiarly.

Dr. ALFRED CARPENTER writes a vivid description of the cloud, and says that it is not a fog in the ordinary sense. The all-enveloping and suffocating pall is "a man-made article." It is the smoke of the myriad soft-coal fires of London, and it is their extinction in the summer which enables the Londoners to see the sky for a few months. "There is, therefore, every probability," says the lugubrious *Spectator*, "that during the coming November, December, January, and February London will be wrapped, with brief intervals, in a thick, light-destroying, disheartening, asphyxiating, immovable fog." Dr. CARPENTER's remedy is a prohibitory tax on open fires, and cooking by gas stoves.

The *Spectator* does not believe that London householders will consent to surrender their open fires, and proposes that the smoke be consumed in or above the chimney, or be carried by pipes from block to block until it can be utilized. Why not carry off smoke at an expense less than a tax on open fires, or invent a fuel which shall be coal in all good properties, and yet not smoke? It appeals to men of science to make an effort, and is very sure that if the smoke cloud was only a little deadlier, they would provide a remedy. "We want a smoke bottle in every chimney that will burn up the smoke, or solidify the smoke, till the dustman can take it away early for manure. Gas stoves would be as great a nuisance as the fogs."

THE WORDSWORTH SOCIETY.

AN interesting society, called the "Wordsworth Society," has been just formed in England, of which many very distinguished persons are members, including Mr. BROWNING, our Minister in England Mr. LOWELL, Mr. RUSKIN, AUBREY DE VERE, Professor NICHOL, Rev. STOPFORD BROOKE, and many others well known in literature and science. The object of the society is, in general, to promote a knowledge of the works of the poet by the systematic and detailed study of his works, by collecting and collating the various progressive estimates of his genius and influence, by collecting his manuscript letters and poems for publication, and by essays upon his portraits. In fact, like the Rabelais Society, it will foster every kind of inquiry into the life and appreciation of the works of the great poet.

Membership of the society is not to be held as implying literary partisanship; and a distinguished writer upon WORDSWORTH, probably Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD, has declined to join lest it might imply such partisanship. Professor DOWDEN, the author of the *Life of Southey* in the "English Men of Letters" series, suggested that such a club would not of course be permanent, but that when it had removed all hinderances from the way of WORDSWORTH's influence, its work would have been done.

These societies for particular literary objects in England are many, and they have been very useful. They encourage an emulation which leaves nothing undone in the elucidation of certain authors and their times. The old and new Shakespeare Societies have accumulated and published much that is illustrative and valuable which would have been otherwise lost or neglected, and it is fair to anticipate the same kind of good result from the Wordsworth Society.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

THE first volume of JUSTIN MCCARTHY's *History of our Own Times* was one of the most popular and entertaining books of the last year, and the second and concluding volume, which is just published, is quite as attractive. One of the English critics says of the history, "These volumes contain a perfect gallery of brilliant passages." One of the most amusing is the sketch of pre-Raphaelitism. The author says that Mr. RUSKIN and the pre-Raphaelites did great good at first, but he proceeds in a strain which deserves the attention of devotees of bric-à-brac:

"Pre-Raphaelitism became a very different thing in later years, when it professed to invade all arts, and to establish itself in all the decorative business of life, from the ornamentation of a cathedral to the fringe of a dress. Lately it has become a mere affectation, an artistic whim. It has got mixed up with æstheticism, neo-paganism, and other such fancies. The typical pre-Raphaelite is, however, a figure not unworthy of description. The typical pre-Raphaelite of the school's later development believed Mr. DANTE ROSSETTI and Mr. BURNE JONES to be the greatest artists of the ancient or modern world. If any spoke to him of contemporary English poetry, he assumed that there was only question of Mr. ROSSETTI, Mr. SWINBURNE, or Mr. MORRIS. In modern French literature he admired VICTOR HUGO, BAUDELAIRE, and one or two others newer to song, and of whom the outer world had as yet heard nothing. Among the writers of older France he was chiefly concerned about FRANÇOIS VILLON. He was an enthusiastic admirer of the paintings of the late HENRI REGNAULT. Probably he spoke of France as 'our France.' He was angry with the Germans for having vexed our France. He professed faith in the philosophy of SCHOPENHAUER and the music of WAGNER, and he was greatly touched by CHOPIN. He gave himself out as familiar with the Greek poets, and was wild in his admiration of SAPPHO. He made for himself a sort of religion out of wall-paper, old tea-pots, and fans. He thought to order, and yet above all things piqued himself upon his originality. He and his comrades received their opinions as CHARLEMAGNE's converts did their Christianity, in platoons. He became quite a distinct figure in the literary history of our time, and he positively called into existence a whole school of satirists in fiction, verse, and drawing, to make fun of his follies, whimsicalities, and affectations."

PERSONAL.

DR. J. M. CARNOCHAN, who has just been appointed surgeon-in-chief at the State Hospital on Ward's Island, is not new to its duties. He has held the same position before, having been first appointed to that place in 1850, and continued in it uninterruptedly for twenty years. His reappointment was entirely unsolicited by him, and therefore doubtless the more acceptable. Another number of Dr. CARNOCHAN's superb work on operative surgery, published by HARPER & BROTHERS, will be issued in a few weeks.

—SOLON ROBINSON, who died at his home in Florida a few days since, at the age of seventy-seven, was for many years a conspicuous figure in the journalism of New York. His specialty was agriculture, a subject he knew thoroughly, in practice as well as with pen, and his articles in the New York *Weekly Tribune* were read with interest and profit by the farmers of the country. He wrote well also on other subjects, and his pleasant story of *Hot Corn; or, Life Scenes in New York*, sold to the extent of fifty thousand copies. Latterly he had devoted himself almost entirely to farming in Florida, writing an occasional letter to his old paper, the *Tribune*.

—A London correspondent, writing on the perplexities of the British cabinet in reference to the Irish question, and the reluctance of Mr. FORSTER, the Secretary for Ireland, to enter upon a course of individual prosecution and general coercion in Ireland, says: "We sometimes hear Mr. FORSTER talked of as a Quaker and a man of peace, who has conscientious scruples against violent measures of any sort. As a matter of fact, Mr. FORSTER's association with the Society of Friends is even less intimate than that of Mr. BRIGHT, and his habits of life are by no means such as Quakers usually practice or usually approve. Mr. BRIGHT is very fond of salmon-fishing and billiards, while Mr. FORSTER is addicted to amusements and pleasures still less Quakerlike."

—The New York *Evening Post*, referring to Miss WOOLSON's new serial story, which will begin in the December number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE, says that the publishers "are to be congratulated upon the fact that the number which is to begin its foreign publication will contain the first chapters of a novel by Miss CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON. If the work of this gifted woman in her short stories is a trustworthy indication, she is possessed of positive and commanding genius, and there can be little doubt that her remarkable dramatic power, her wonderful gift of perceiving and interpreting the secrets of nature and human nature, and the rare charm of her glowing, picturesque, penetrating style, will give to her novel *Anne* something more than ordinary power and interest. It is fortunate for the reputation of American literature in England that the Magazine is to begin its career there by introducing an American writer whose art is so consummate, whose gift of interpretation is so genuine and so original."

—President GARFIELD will be the first President of the United States to enjoy the unique pleasure of entering the White House accompanied by his mother as well as by his wife. A proud moment for that mother! She is now seventy-nine. It has been one of General GARFIELD's peculiarities to attend all the great base-ball matches played within easy distance of him. At Washington he used to slip out of the House late on afternoon sessions in order to be in at the finish of a game. Unlike Sir EDWARD THORNTON, who used to view the sport in the outfield from his carriage, General GARFIELD went straight to the front row of seats in the grand stand, and kept tally for himself, watching the game as intently, and getting as much interested in it, as if he had thousands on the result.

—Some of our American professors may be interested to know what salaries are paid to their brethren in similar positions at the English University of Cambridge. These are as follows: Regius of Law, $4000; Regius of Physics, $3500; Arabic, $3500; Mathematics, $4250; Moral Philosophy, $3500; Chemistry, $4250; Astronomy, $4000; Anatomy, $3000; Modern History, $4000; Botany, $3500; Geology, $3500; Natural Experimental Philosophy, $4000; Mineralogy, $3000; Political Economy, $3500; Pure Mathematics, $4250; Zoology and Comparative Anatomy, $3000; Sanskrit, $3000; Latin, $4000; Mechanism and Applied Mechanics, $3500; Physiology, $4000; Pathology, $4000; and Mental Philosophy and Logic, $3500. These salaries may be varied at the pleasure of the University Commissioners.

—Mr. ANDERSON TAYLOR, a colored Tennesseean, has given $11,000 toward the construction of a church; and the late ALEXANDER C. RAYMOND, of East Hartford, leaves, after the death of his wife, $10,000 to the town of Montville, Connecticut, for a library, $17,000 to East Hartford for a library and building, and $13,000 to the First Ecclesiastical Society of East Hartford.

—Sir FITZROY KELLY, who died on the 18th of September, at the age of eighty-four, was the last of the Lord Chief Barons of the Exchequer. With him expired the title, after having existed 800 years. In its new form the office has a salary of $30,000 per annum, which Mr. GLADSTONE will give to one of his political supporters, probably Attorney-General JAMES. Sir FITZROY KELLY held the office fourteen years. Many years ago he married one of his servants.

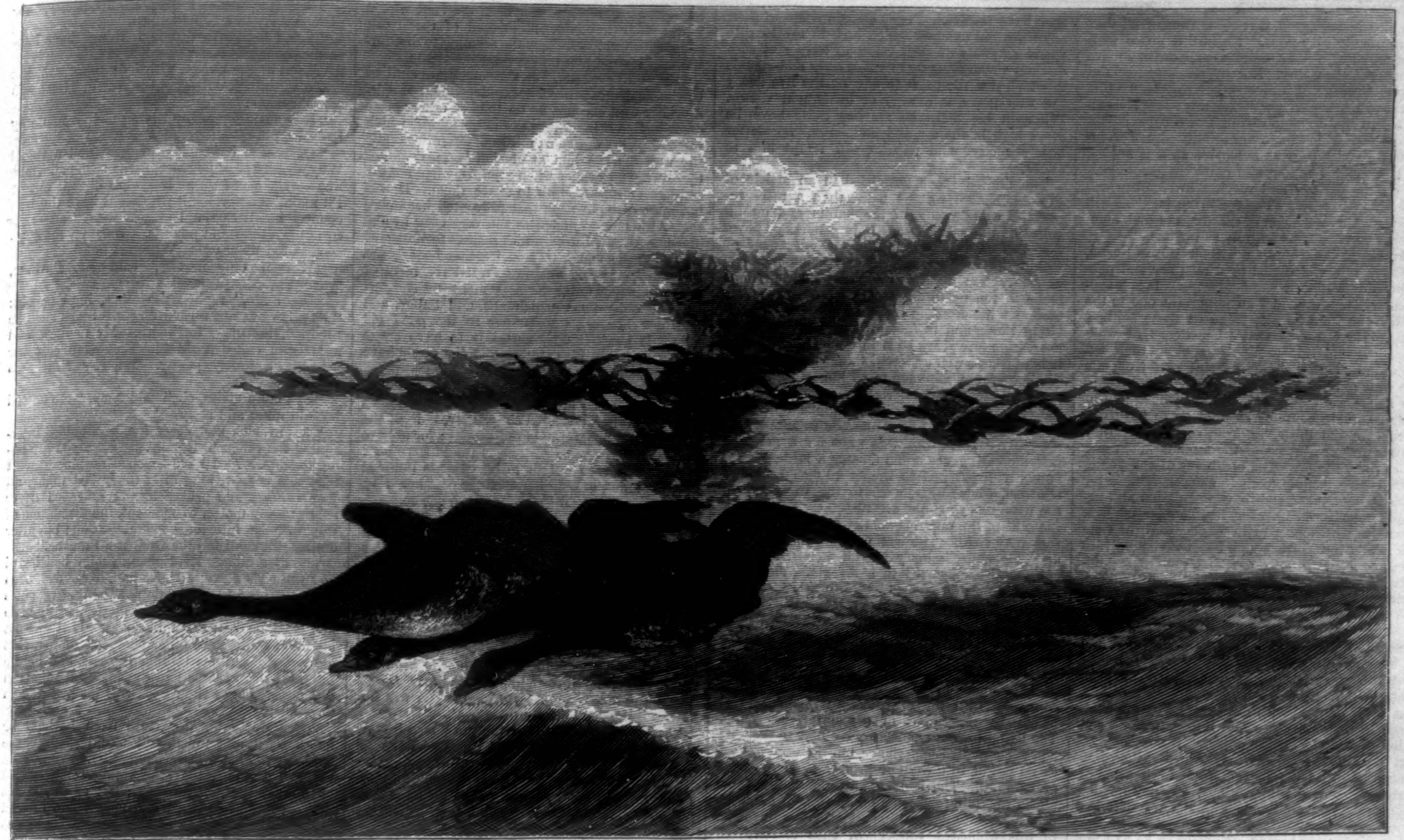
—Judge MONTGOMERY BLAIR, who was a member of Mr. LINCOLN's cabinet, resides in Washington, where he is held in high personal respect. His habits are of the simplest character, his manner very kindly and winning. He is tall and thin, and has a fine head. His family consists of his wife, a daughter of LEVI WOODBURY, of New Hampshire, and four children—three sons and an unmarried daughter. The eldest son, WOODBURY, is a lawyer, and a favorite in society. The younger sons are law students. Judge BLAIR has no brother living, and but one sister, the wife of Admiral LEE.

—Rev. J. HYATT SMITH, just elected to Congress as the successor of Mr. CHITTENDEN, is a well-known Baptist clergyman of the very independent sort, of very decided ability, and very genial withal. He is quite sure to make himself early known to the House, and to become one of its notabilities.

—Mr. WILLIAM BLACK, the novelist, and Mr. BRET HARTE, have been touring in the islands of Scotland. The latter one morning sent to the solitary barber of the village to be shaved. When the stubble had been removed, the author tendered "a saxpence." "Hech, mon," cried the barber, "it's half a croon." "What! for shaving?" The barber replied it was the regular charge for going to the hotel, and that he must ask it. "No," said HARTE; "it is true you must be the worst barber the world ever saw, but there is no absolute necessity to demand half a crown."

—Hon. GEORGE F. HOAR, in a recent address before the American Antiquarian Society at Worcester, Massachusetts, in speaking of Mr. BANCROFT, who had just completed his eightieth year, and at the same time had finished his *History of the United States* to the formation of the Federal Constitution, said: "He is, I believe, the senior living person who has been a member of the cabinet. He is the senior among living persons who have filled important diplomatic stations. He has represented the United States at Berlin and at St. James. His history is, and doubtless will be, the great standard authority upon the important period which it covers. He is the only person living whose judgment would change the place in public estimation held by any of the great statesmen of the Revolutionary times. He has had the rare good fortune among men of letters to have proposed to himself a great task, requiring a lifetime for its accomplishment, the successful achievement of which is enough to make any life illustrious, and to have lived to complete it, with powers of body and mind undiminished. It is his fate to know, while alive, the estimate in which he will be held by posterity. In his case that knowledge can be only a source of pleasure and satisfaction." More fortunate than GIBBON, who wrote of decline, decay, and dissolution, Mr. BANCROFT tells the story of birth, and growth, and youth, and life, and his name will be associated with a great and interesting period in the world's history, when little villages were becoming giant states.

AMONG THE COW-BOYS—BETTING ON THE BULL-FIGHT.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 759.]



THE WILD-GOOSE.—Drawn by Gaston Fay.

THE WILD-GOOSE.

A vessel approaching our coast is often for days troubled with foggy or thick weather. The commanding officer of the ship, unless he be a very superior and learned navigator, is apt in the end to become somewhat bewildered. While he is pondering over his charts, and frequent soundings are being made, a flock of wild-geese, or even many flocks, may be discerned through the haze holding steadily and with certainty a positive and intelligent course. Like the ship, they may have been enveloped for days in an impenetrable fog. Notwithstanding, they pursue their flight with precision, and land with certainty at their place of destination. The captain of the vessel, supplied with every scientific aid, supplemented by a large experience, and endowed in a supreme degree with what is called the superior intelligence of man, is at the end cast upon a beach, the position of which he has calculated must be to the eastward of Cape Cod. To his surprise he finds that his ship is hard aground fifty miles to the west of Montauk Point, on the Long Island coast. The cubical contents of the skull of the wild-goose are many times less than those of a man's. It is possible his brain may be more compact, and his power of concentration greater. At least he always knows where he is, which can not be said of the so-called superior creature—man. The word "goose" is frequently applied as a term of reproach. So far, however, as the wild type of

THE REVIVAL OF FALCONRY.—[See Page 759.]

that bird is concerned, it is significant of all that is profoundly sagacious. No bird is gifted with a keener sight, a more delicate ear, or with a more exact sense of locality. Moreover, among his kind he possesses great conversational powers. Our organs of hearing are not sufficiently acute nor cultivated to enable us to distinguish the fine modulations with which his tones are gifted, nor to interpret a vocabulary as extensive as it is subtle. He is a voluble talker and ceaseless commentator on the various and varying incidents which beset his daily life. The following incident will illustrate his possession of those gifts which man, in his conceit, claims entirely as his own.

An Englishman hunting caribou back of Gaspé, in Canada, was attracted by a singular and phenomenal elevation in the landscape. It is a conspicuous landmark, and an important one to the guides and hunters who frequent those solitary wilds. He observed that when flocks of wild-geese reached this particular spot in their autumnal flight, they changed their course from one due west to south. The young partly composing the flocks were disposed, and even obstinate in their desire, to continue straight on to the westward; the old birds, however, so soon as they were above or abreast of the landmark, sheered off at right angles. The obstinacy of the young caused sore trouble to their elders. The latter circled about them, and by expostulation and example endeavored to bring them under control. It was not without a great expenditure of time and patience that the young birds were finally induced to fall into the ranks, and, under the guidance of their more experienced leaders, change their course to the south. In voice, tone, and action the passions with which humanity is endowed were manifested by these birds. Rage, impatience, and obstinacy were plainly perceptible, and so long as the sound of their voices could be heard in the south, scolding and expostulation could be detected in their note.

A bird endowed with the sagacity of the wild-goose learns surely to avoid the stratagems and guiles of which he is the object. No one can assert or attempt to guess how many thousand years this bird has followed an unvarying line of flight in his annual migrations. To-day he disregards the traditions and accumulated experience of centuries, and beset by selfish greed, he forsakes his former haunts. So long as he had but to encounter the perils lurking in the flint-lock gun and the wooden decoy, he followed bravely the routes in which vast generations had preceded him. The use of the live decoy to allure him within the reach of the modern weapon is a power which all his sagacity can not overcome, consequently he has measurably forsaken great sheets of water which once were alive with his species.

The use of the live decoy is the product of the modern demands of the market and the increased necessity for the supply of varied articles of food. Moreover, the amateur, whose time admits of but a few days' sport in the season, expects that he shall receive a full equivalent for his expenditure, and that quickly. Consequently the purveyors or professional guides to sportsmen resort to methods which their judgment and experience tell them can in the end only be detrimental and destructive to their own interests.

Live decoys are recruited from wild-geese which are not so severely wounded but that they may recover from their injuries. When they have entirely convalesced, the first joint of the wing is removed. This precludes an attempt to escape by flight—an instinct which even the most thoroughly broken bird can not in the spring-time resist. Wild-geese thus domesticated breed in captivity, yet even the young are infected with this overpowering desire to fly north in the season. Several generations elapse before this desire is entirely eradicated. The birds, when first captured, are placed in an inclosure, and furnished with a plentiful supply of food. After a time they become tractable, and accustomed to the presence of man. When a sufficient number has been collected, either through capture or a natural increase, the best "honkers" are selected, and reserved for decoys. For transportation to the shooting grounds they are confined in coops. Either a dry sand-bar or meadow point free from tall grass or sedge is the spot selected on which to set the decoys. If the former, the gunner digs a hole, in which he conceals a box of sufficient size to admit of his lying down at full length. The decoys are tethered to stakes, with a sufficient play of line to enable them to move about within a limited range. When the "honk" of a flock of wild-geese is heard, the decoys lift their long necks, flap their wings, and answer the call. The wild birds, in response, settle to the surface of the water, and usually alight some distance off the bar or meadow, whence they gradually swim to the decoys. When within a proper distance, and closely bunched, the gunner rises in his box, and discharges one barrel at them thus clustered together; as they rise he delivers a second, in both cases with fatal effect, the number killed and wounded depending upon the size of the flock, in some cases not a single one escaping. The decoys, after some experience, learn to disregard the report of the gun, and witness the slaughter of their kind with unmoved indifference. This, however, is not always the case. Instances are known where on the approach of a flock a certain one of the decoys has given a note of warning. No difference in the tone is distinguishable by the gunner; but the approaching flock have detected the peculiar signal, and dash away in alarm and terror. A decoy of this character is discovered by leaving, now one, then another, at home, and so in turn until each bird has been tried, and the culprit secured. A skillful man in a boat may, under favorable conditions, drive a distant flock which has settled on the water at a considerable distance directly among the live decoys. The wild birds thus entrapped can suffer no imputation on their sagacity. The survivors, if any, profit by the enlightenment they have received. They communicate to their offspring the dangers which lurk in the locality where so many of their relatives have met with disaster; consequently in those bays and sounds in which it is the habit to employ the live decoy the wild-goose is a wary or infrequent visitor. When in his flight he reaches these bays he soars high in the air, and no "honk," no matter how seductive and natural, can tempt him to alight.

The limited space permitted in an article of this description forbids more than a mere superficial examination of the habits and intelligence of the wild-goose. It is generally known that this bird breeds in the latitudes near or within the arctic circle. The various methods of destruction in use throughout their perilous flight to the north are sufficiently deadly, but a new and hundredfold more fatal way of annihilating these, and in fact all migratory sea-fowl, has within late years been in effective operation. It is of course well understood that in the process of photography albumen is an important and essential factor. It is derived from the white of the egg. It can be readily imagined how enormous the number of eggs must be to supply this necessity. To provide this want for a new and fast increasing art and industry a large fleet is annually dispatched to the breeding grounds of sea-fowl, whose eggs, even to the tiny ones of the little ox-eye snipe, are ruthlessly secured for the sake of the minute quantity of albumen which they may yield. The white of the egg, after undergoing a preliminary treatment, is packed in casks and transported to a market. The enormous number of eggs which must be required to load even one vessel is almost beyond computation, but when we consider a fleet thus loaded we can only express surprise that a single one of the millions of various sea-fowl which formerly frequented our coast is seen to-day. The attacks of sportsmen on these birds are contemptible compared with the destruction wrought in this wholesale effacement of the unformed young. The living have a chance to give play to sagacity and accumulated experience, but the egg possesses no power to escape or protect itself by flight or cunning. The sudden and rapid disappearance of certain fowl from off our line of coast receives an intelligent interpretation in the light of this wholesale robbery of eggs in northern latitudes.

The government of the Dominion of Canada has always shown itself most prompt and efficient in protecting the fisheries and game within its own territory. Possibly the attention of the Canadian authorities has never been called to this state of affairs, although a public announcement made some time since, giving in detail the facts recited by the writer, should certainly have secured the notice of those most interested and responsible. Science, it would seem, should provide some substitute for the white of the egg in the process of photography. Either it must do so, or the birds learn to discover a breeding ground so far north as to be beyond the reach of the egg-hunter. Those who now take delight and pleasure in watching the graceful flight of the gull, or follow for sport the goose, duck, and snipe of our coast, shall no longer enjoy those pleasures, neither shall a cheap and delicate article of food be attainable in its present comparative profusion, unless a prompt and efficient check be put upon this wholesale system of egg-snatching.

GASTON FAY.

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1208.]

A CONFIDENTIAL AGENT.

By JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "AT HER MERCY," "BRED IN THE BONE," "BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK," "WALTER'S WORD," "UNDER ONE ROOF," "HIGH SPIRITS," ETC.

CHAPTER XLIX.

A NEW ARRIVAL.

"How can ye pipe, ye little birds, and I so weary, full of care?" inquires the poet in his desolation; and the demonstration of happiness in our fellow-creatures, the while we are ourselves bowed down with trouble, jars on us even more cruelly than the glad voices of nature. It was Christmas-time, and into the bereaved little household in Cavendish Grove some echoes of the surrounding jollity perforce penetrated. Husbands came home from business, not for a few hours only, but for one or two days of gladsome leisure, and were received with shouts of delight from their juveniles. Sabey heard them, and for once could not thank Heaven for the happiness of children. No holly decked the house as in old times; Matthew, old-fashioned in his habits, and somewhat conventional in his observances, had been fond of "keeping Christmas" in the ancient fashion; and the women, country-bred, had been wont to adorn every room with glistening leaf and ruddy berry; but they could not do so now, for it would have been but a mockery of their woe. Below-stairs, indeed, the servant-girl had permission, as usual, to invite her father and mother to the annual feast; but even she felt the gloom of Matthew's absence, for master was—or, alas! had been—a great favorite with her, as masters will be who never speak a cross word. Mary did not pretend to understand the ins and outs of the Moor Street question, but she had the faith which brings forth works; for when the butcher's boy had ventured to tell her, not in malice, but as an interesting piece of news, that a reward was offered for Mr. Helston's apprehension on the charge of having stolen "diamants," she had slapped one cheek for him with such good-will that—notwithstanding the season—he had not dreamed of offering the other, but had fled incontinently. Even the sprig of mistletoe which the green-grocer's man had brought as a free gift had been received with a "Drat your imperence!" instead of that "Get along with you!" which, while seeming to discourage, had invited him on previous occasions.

Her "other master," as she sometimes entitled Uncle Stephen—being not so independent of spirit on her own account as on that of others—she described as being "very low in his mind," which she had plenty of opportunities of observing while she waited upon him at his lonely meals. For there were now times when even Amy had not the courage or the strength to share them. It was not mere disinclination that prevented her doing so. Although wounded to the very core by the apostasy of Mr. Durham with respect to Matthew, she was just enough to perceive that he was not to blame for being unable to resist the force of conviction, and never for a moment did she forget the obligations which she, and Sabey, and Matthew himself, were under to the good old man. It was her duty certainly to have borne him company in his solitude, and she would have done so had it been possible. But her spirits, already depressed by the catastrophe of Matthew, had been for the present fairly broken down by the loss of her lover. With Sabey, indeed, she kept up the appearance of philosophy; for to have shown herself as she really was would have been to add a grievous weight to her sister's burden; but this effort to hide her feelings cost her dear, and rendered her still more unfit for the companionship of others.

On Christmas-day, however, she did make shift to come down to dinner. (Sabey also had attempted to do so, but some pang of recollection or association had proved too intense for her at the last moment, and she had remained up stairs with baby.) The meal was early, and, as it happened, it was the first time Mr. Durham and herself had met that morning. He looked very worn and wan, but mustered up a smile to greet her.

"If I do not wish you a happy Christmas, Amy," he said, in a low and gentle tone, "you will understand the reason."

Even that was too much for the poor girl—or perhaps it was the tenderness with which he spoke that moved her—and she burst into tears.

"I am glad to see you cry, my dear," he said, simply. "Do not be ashamed of it," he added, perceiving her efforts to restrain herself; "I would cry too if I could. How is Sabey?"

"The same—the same. Only, I think, the day—being what it is—has upset her."

Mr. Durham sighed and held up his hands.

"Christmas-day," he murmured, bitterly. "'Glad tidings of great joy!'"

"It has done me good, however," said Amy, humbly. "It has reminded me of my duty—my loving duty. Will you kiss me and forgive me, Uncle Stephen?"

"I will kiss you, my dear, but I have nothing to forgive."

"Yes, yes, I have done wrong. Matthew himself would say so if he could speak. I have been hard and cruel to you."

"Not to me, my dear, not to me, but to yourself—and to another."

"Then I ask his pardon too," she murmured.

"May I tell him so?"

"No, no; that is, any message from me would be misunderstood."

"Do you know whither he is gone, Amy?"

"No; don't tell me; all is over between us, past and gone forever. Spare me, I beseech you, spare me," she added, imploringly.

"Well, we will speak no more of him just now. I wish you to know, however, that his last act before leaving England—"

"England?"

"Yes; I say his last act was to draw up a will for me by which dear Sabey will very soon be freed from at least material anxieties. I mention it in case, for her child's sake, such fears, in addition to her other woes, should be pressing upon her."

"How good and kind you are!"

"She does not think so," sighed Uncle Stephen.

"Indeed, indeed she does!" cried Amy, earnestly.

"And does she know how I have been convinced against my will as regards Matthew?" inquired the old man, eagerly.

"Oh no, oh no. If she did—with me, much as I love Matthew and believe in him, and shall do so while life is in me, it is different—but—"

"'But if Sabey knew,' you were about to say."

"Uncle Stephen, she must never know."

"I understand. If she did she would not take a penny of my money, dead or alive, and never forgive me."

"Indeed I fear it."

"But if, in the mean time, something should occur which puts beyond all doubt—all hope—the question on which we differ?"

"You mean if Matthew should be proved guilty?"

"Yes. Do not be angry; I merely put a suppositioius case; if you will have it so, an impossible one."

"In such a case," said Amy, slowly, "the child might benefit by your good intentions; the mother would die. But there can be no such proof."

Here there was a loud double knock at the front door. "What is that?" cried Amy, with a quick start.

"I can not tell. It may be what I fear and you deny."

She shook her head. "It is not that," she said.

"And yet you shuddered, Amy."

"Yes; because it may be tidings of his death; of his dishonor, never."

Here the door opened, and the servant-maid was pushed aside by a short, spare old man, with withered face, but keen and piercing eyes. "How are you?" he said, quickly. "You don't know me, but I know you. You're Mr. Durham—his uncle, like myself; and you are Amy Thurlow, his wife's sister."

"It is Mr. Roger Helston, from Latbury," explained Amy to Uncle Stephen.

"Yes, I believe so; though things have happened enough to make one doubt one's own identity," put in the visitor, with irritation. "What is the meaning of it—this reward for Matthew's apprehension?"

"It is an infamous and lying charge made by Lady Pargiter," answered Amy.

"Of course it is. My nephew, and a thief! Why, damn her impudence, I'd as soon believe he was—well, a unicorn. But what does it mean? I'll make her pay for it; he shall have the best counsel in all England—Stork must lead—if it costs me a thousand pounds. We'll lay the damages at ten thousand. Where is he?"

"Heaven only knows," said Mr. Durham, gravely.

"Oh, I see," replied the other, impetuously: "Matthew has not turned up yet. Stork shall be retained, however, forthwith. My nephew and a Helston called a thief! That shall cost her ladyship a pretty penny. Where's Matthew's wife?"

"She is up stairs, sir," said Amy, "too unwell both in mind and body—"

"Ay, ay, sick and sorry too, no doubt," interrupted the other, brusquely. "I see you are going to dine. As I have touched nothing since I read this cussed thing at Latbury last night, I'll just sit down and peck a bit. At meals I never listen to any matter of moment, the discussion of which always interferes with digestion; but after dinner you shall tell me what it all means."

The first tidings Mr. Helston senior had heard of Matthew's disappearance had, it seemed, been derived from the publication of the reward, since he had just returned from America, whither he had been on important business. If it was not his habit to listen to other people at dinner, that did not prevent his talking himself, and before the meal was over he had put his companions in full possession of the reasons for his presence in Cavendish Grove.

After Matthew's departure from Latbury he had missed him much, and would gladly have held out the hand of reconciliation. He seemed to have expected that the young fellow would have made the first advance; but as he did not do so, pride stepped in and moved him to send for a far-away cousin of about the same age as Matthew to fill his place in the office. This youngster, as he had previously satisfied himself, had one good point—he had not the slightest leaning toward the mechanical arts. But with this negative virtue his merits appeared to have ended. No Madge had any metal to attract him, but on the other hand he had been very impressionable to the charms of Moll and Bet. His behavior, indeed, had scandalized the old lawyer not a little. "Now Matthew," said the old man (as though poor Amy had been a lay figure), "had only made a fool of himself with gals on two occasions; the first was a mere fleeting fancy— Eh?"

For Uncle Stephen, whose thoughts had flashed to Bleak Street and Lucy Mortlock, here groaned involuntarily.

"Oh, there was nothing wrong, sir," continued Mr. Helston, with irritation, imagining that he had been called to order on the ground of propriety; "moreover, the young woman most fortunately ran off with somebody else. The other affair was more serious. Miss Thurlow's presence, of which you are so good as to remind me, prevents my speaking upon that subject. I still think Matthew's marriage was a mistake, but I have forgiven it. Well, as I say, he made but two escapades among the petticoats—which is much below the average. Then Richard (his successor) was a born fool besides—the very last thing (not even excepting a knave) which is wanted in a lawyer's office. To give you an extreme instance of it, it was he himself who, on the very day of my return to Latbury, pointed out to me the reward in the newspaper, thinking, doubtless, to curry favor with me, or that it would give me pleasure to hear that poor Matthew was in trouble. 'Thank you, Dick,' I said, 'for opening my eyes.' 'That Mr. Matthew must be bad indeed,' he simpered. 'You're a liar,' I answered. 'What I thanked you for was for letting me see into your character. That you were an idiot of course I knew, but I did not know you were a scoundrel.' And I sent him packing. If Matthew chooses to come back to Latbury and be my partner, the place is open to him."

"Alas! sir, you forget that your nephew is lost to us," sobbed Amy. She admired this old fellow for his sure and simple faith, and gave more credit to his honest indignation than perhaps it deserved. If Matthew had not borne his name, it is possible that the ties of blood would not so easily have moved him. As it was, his nephew's disgrace cast a shadow on himself, which his proud nature resented. As for Uncle Stephen, he felt that two minutes' private talk with the old lawyer must of necessity scatter his confidence in his nephew's innocence to the winds, and in all probability his good-will with it.

"Lost!" echoed Mr. Helston, contemptuously. "He won't be lost for long now that I have come to look for him. What's the matter?"

The maid had entered and whispered to Amy that there was some one in the hall who wished to speak to her "very pertickler. And, oh! please, miss, it's a perliceman."

Poor Amy's nerves for once failed her, but not her faith. She believed that some crisis had occurred in Matthew's case, or that Lady Pargiter had taken some cruel step. For the moment she could neither move nor speak.

"What's the matter?" repeated Mr. Helston, addressing the maid.

"Oh, sir, there's a perliceman in the passage."

"What of that? One would think it was a burglar."

He stepped nimbly to the door, where, indeed, one of the force was standing in the attitude of attention.

"Now, my man, what is it?"

"I have a message for Miss Amy Thurlow, sir, from Inspector Brail."

"Very good; here she is. Let's have it."

"Mr. Matthew Helston has been found, mum."

"God in heaven be thanked!" she cried. "Alive and well?"

"Oh yes, alive, mum; but not to say well and hearty. I have been sent on ahead in a hansom cab to say as he will be here in half an hour. They're obliged to bring him pretty slow. He'll have to be put to bed and looked to."

"Port—a glass of port for the young lady," cried Mr. Helston, vehemently. "That's right. You're better now, ain't you? You won't go into hysterics, not you; you're not a fool, like Cousin Richard."

His rough but kindly tones had the best effect upon the poor girl. Mere sympathy and tenderness would have destroyed her self-possession utterly.

"He is not ill—I mean not dangerously ill?" she murmured.

"No, mum; only a bit weak and off his head, having had nothing to eat for the last eight-and-forty hours."

"Nothing to eat on Christmas-day!" exclaimed the old lawyer. "What can it all mean?"

Amy had flown up stairs to her sister, so that his inquiry was addressed to Mr. Durham. Uncle Stephen, however, only shook his head and murmured, "I know nothing." The question that trembled on his own lips was, "Is he innocent?" But they could not frame it.

There was a sharp knock at the front door; a sound of slithering footsteps as of men carrying some heavy body. But Uncle Stephen knew nothing of it. With a muttered cry of "Matthew! Matthew!" which seemed to well from his very heart, the old man had fainted away.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE REVIVAL OF FALCONRY.

Mankind sighs for novelty in the way of amusement. In default of this there seems to be no better plan than that of reviving some old sport familiar to our ancestors, but new to the present generation. The latest caprice of the English in the way of out-door sports is falconry. The ancient custom of hunting birds by means of the hawk and peregrine has been revived by a few ardent spirits, and the average Englishman, who sees in a fine autumn morning only an inviting opportunity to "go out and kill something," has now a comparatively novel and exciting method of achieving the correct amount of slaughter. For some time past falconry has been growing in favor. Birds are bred and trained for the work, and clubs have been formed in London and elsewhere of gentlemen "hawkers," who have regular meet days, the object being to "foster hawking, and give it as high a place among national sports as it had in the days of yore."

Falconry is a very old sport in Europe and Asia. In the Middle Ages it was the favorite sport of princes and nobles; and as ladies could engage in it, it became very popular, particularly in France. In an old poem on forest sports, by the chaplain Gasse de la Bigne, cited by Curne de Sainte-Palaye, in his work on chivalry, in a comparison of hunting with falconry, it is mentioned as a particular advantage of falconry that queens, duchesses, and countesses are allowed by their husbands to carry the falcon on their wrists without offending propriety, and that they can enjoy all the sports of this kind of hunting, whilst in hunting with hounds they are only allowed to follow by the wide roads or over open fields in order to see the dogs pass. The knight was anxious to pay his court to the ladies on such occasions by his attentions to the falcons. He was obliged to be careful to fly the bird at the proper moment, to follow her immediately, never to lose sight of her, to encourage her by calls, to take the prey from her, to caress her, to put on the hood, and to place her gracefully on the wrist of his mistress.

In falconry two distinct kinds of hawks are used—the long-winged or true falcons, and short-winged. The first (noble birds of prey) are represented chiefly by the gyrfalcon and peregrine, the second by the goshawk and sparrow-hawk; and though for certain purposes the male is superior, as a rule the females of each species are much more highly esteemed for sporting purposes, from their being larger and more powerful. The gyrfalcon is the largest species, but from its extreme rarity in the British Islands is seldom used. The peregrine falcon is the bird in greatest favor with falconers, and if taken from the nest, as is usually the case, and carefully trained, affords better sport than any other British species.

The operation of training a falcon is attended with no little care and difficulty. The village of Falconswaerd, near Bois-le-Duc, in Holland, has for many years furnished falconers to the rest of Europe. "I have known," writes Sir John Sebright, "many falconers in England, and in the service of different princes on the Continent, but I never met with one of them who was not a native of Falconswaerd." No hawk is fit for sporting purposes until it has undergone a careful training. The young hawk is more easily trained than that which has been caught in a wild state, but in either case a number of operations require to be gone through before the sportsman ventures to take his falcon into the field. If the bird to be trained, instead of being a nestling, happens to be a wild one, the difficulties of training are immeasurably increased, and can only be overcome by days and nights of unwearying exertion. Taken from her nest on some high and dangerous cliff when nearly fledged, the *eyess*, or young falcon (with her companion fledgelings, usually two in number), is carefully conveyed to the falconer's home. There she is kept in an open shed in a nest of straw, and fed several times a day upon fresh beef, with an occasional change in the way of birds or rabbits. Her powers of flight being as yet very limited, she depends upon her master for regular supplies of food, and soon learns to come for her meals at his call.

One of the first of the principal operations in training is *hooding*, which, if successfully performed by the trainer during his earlier efforts, paves the way for overcoming many subsequent difficulties. It demands the greatest patience and the tenderest manipulation. The hood is a cap of leather, made to fit the head of the falcon in such a manner as totally to exclude the light. A single aperture is left in front, through which the beak protrudes, and a slit behind, through which are passed the braces or ties that secure the hood to the head. By shutting out the light the hood is serviceable in tending to make the hawk quiet and tractable, but to accustom the falcon to submit to its use requires much time and great management. When, after great perseverance, this is achieved, the hawk is said to be "made to the hood," during which process she also learns to sit balanced upon the wrist. Besides tending to induce docility by hiding the light, the hood is of further service in shutting out from view any object which might cause the hawk to flutter or *bait* off the wrist or *cadge*, on its way to and from the field. Hence the hawk is carried always hooded, the short-winged only being exempt.

To the falcon's legs are attached two small hollow globes of thin metal called *bells*. These, again, are fixed to their place by leather straps called *bewits*, and both, together with the jesses, become permanent fixtures, even during the bird's flights. The jesses are two leathern straps, five or six inches in length, attached to each leg immediately below the bells. To the jesses, again, is attached by two rings, or *varvels*, another leathern strap, called the *leash*, about four times the size of a boot-lace. The bird being thus caparisoned, the falconer winds the leash through his fingers, and so prevents the falcon's escape while on his wrist. The *lure* is a bunch of feathers attached to a cord and tassel, and in the centre of the feathers is usually a piece of wood, to which a piece of meat may be fastened. By accustoming the hawk to feed off the lure, or to come to it at a certain call or whistle when on the wing, the lure becomes an important adjunct to the falconer's apparatus, as by it he is enabled to entice his bird back after an unsuccessful chase. On such occasions the falconer reclaims his bird by swinging the baited lure round and round his head, accompanying the action by some customary call.

In France, during the reign of the monarch known as the "Father of Hunting," Francis I., the establishments for training falcons were under the direction of a Grand Falconer, who received an annual revenue of 4000 livres, and had under him fifteen noblemen and fifty falconers. He had the care of more than three hundred falcons, and enjoyed the privilege of hawking through the whole kingdom at pleasure. He received a fine for every falcon which was sold, and no falconer was allowed to sell a bird without his permission. The whole establishment, which cost annually about 40,000 livres, followed the king, as did also his hunting establishment. One gentleman, who was distinguished for his skill in hawking, was loaded with favors by the king, and enabled to keep sixty horses for his falconry alone. There was an old rivalry between the falconers and the hunters. When the hunting of the stag began, and the falcons mewed, the hunters drove the falconers from the yard, while in winter, when the stags were no longer worth hunting, the falconers retaliated on the hunters, and locked up the hounds. Falconry continued in favor until the seventeenth century, but the invention of fire-arms gradually superseded it. In England falconry was also in great favor, and there is to this day a hereditary Grand Falconer. The Duke of St. Albans, in his office of Grand Falconer, presents the sovereign with a cast of falcons on the day of his coronation. A similar service is performed by the representative of the Stanley family in the Isle of Man.

The heron is and always has been a favorite object of pursuit in British falconry, the period of the year best adapted for the sport being the breeding season. Having previously ascertained the feeding-place of that bird, the hawking party makes for the spot, usually toward evening, if possible in a direction down wind from the heronry, so as to intercept the bird in its up-wind flight homeward. When a heron is seen to pass, a couple (a cast) of hawks are unhooded and "cast off," and the chase commences. The heron, seeing the falcons approach, disgorges its food to lighten itself, and immediately ascends in the air. The hawks, eager in pursuit and quicker of wing, speedily make upon it, and strive to gain a greater elevation by a series of beautiful gyrations. When one of the hawks succeeds in rising above the heron, it "stoops," that is, descends swiftly and in a direct line upon the game, aiming a stroke with its outstretched legs and talons at the body of its prey. This the heron almost always succeeds in eluding at first by a rapid and sudden movement aside. The second hawk, which by this time has also soared, then stoops, while the first is regaining its former altitude, and so on for many successive times, till one hawk at length clutches the heron. Her companion joins her, and the three, buoyant by the motion of their wings, descend gently to the earth. The falconer's imperative duty is now to be upon or near the spot where the three birds are descending, to divert the attention of the hawks before they reach the ground, and entice them from the quarry to him by means of live pigeons as lures. This is very necessary, as the heron is extremely dangerous, and has been frequently known to injure the hawks with its sharp beak when on the ground, though it is all but perfectly harmless while in the air. When the heron's wounds have been dressed—for this bird is rarely killed in such encounters—a ring with the captor's name is usually affixed to its leg, after which it is set at liberty, and so becomes available for future sport. The falconer's usual cry of encouragement to his hawks upon the springing of the quarry is "Hooha-ha-ha-ha"; his cry when the quarry is killed is "Whoop." A falcon takes its prey either by tearing or "raking" it with the hind claw of each foot at the instant of passing, or by clutching the victim with its talons. When the bird thus succeeds in "binding," as it is called, its prey, it slowly descends with it to the ground.

In game-hawking, dogs are employed as well as falcons by the English sportsmen. They play their usual part, the bird being used in place of the gun to bring down the prey, when the dogs have unearthed it. As soon as one of them points, the falcon is "thrown up," and allowed to rise to a considerable height before the game is flushed. The downward swoop of the falcon is as direct as an arrow, and death is usually instantaneous to the victim, for the force with which the bird strikes its prey is overwhelming. Instances are cited in which the head of the partridge has been nearly severed from the body at the first swoop of the falcon. The falcons are either carried by the sportsmen on their gloved hands, or are brought to the field by an attendant, after the manner shown in our picture. A writer has recently pointed out that it is from this attendant that the English got their pet word, "cad." In ancient times the stand on which the birds perch was called a "cadge," and the attendant, belonging to the commoner orders of the human animal, a "cadger." A fondness for abbreviation might soon transform this word into cad, and the superciliousness of the hunting field apply it after the fashion in which it is used at present.

AMONG THE COW-BOYS.

To those who have not visited the West the term "cow-boy" suggests the genus known as such in the Eastern States—perhaps a tow-headed, barefooted youth sitting on a post-and-rail fence whistling and whittling. The cow-boy or "cow-puncher" of Colorado and Wyoming is a very different being. Of course there are cow-boys and cow-boys, differing in nationality, appearance, and temperament. There are the Mexicans, swarthy, stolid-looking fellows, some of them as dark as mulattoes, showing the effects of a diet of beans and red pepper; there are the "Pikes" from Missouri, typical *roughs;* there are good, sober country boys from Connecticut or New Hampshire, thoroughly acclimated mentally and physically, if not morally; and there are the young gentlemen from all over the world who have taken up the life from choice, and are, to all appearance at least, quite enamored thereof. The "round-up" brings together a motley crowd, as depicted in the picture in this number. The cattle have been at last collected on some level spot. Perhaps the horizon is unbroken on all sides, not even a dwarf cedar or piñon standing out against it; or, again, the Sangre de Cristo or the beautiful Spanish Peaks may dominate the scene. The air has grown cool enough with the declining sun to compel at least one stout fellow to don his well-worn overcoat, as all will soon do. Whatever the antecedents of the different men in this group, no one could detect them by their costume, unless, perhaps, the ex-Piccadilly "swell" has a broader-brimmed hat and a little muddier boots than the Mexican from Taos or Costilla. Nor are they likely to allude to past histories; for while some might be commonplace enough, others would contain strange and startling vicissitudes, and perhaps worse. "On the buffalo grass," as Lord George Bentinck said of the turf, "and beneath it, all men are equal."

These fellows must all be able to sit and control the most vicious *broncho* that ever laid his ears back and gave himself up to that blackest of equine arts, "bucking." The Darwinian theory of the survival of the fittest prevails among them in its entirety; and those who can not ride like centaurs, and throw the lariat with unerring skill, will speedily find themselves minus employment.

That they should all carry revolvers seems a recognized necessity, and a revolver of the kind that is sure to do harm when it is used, not a toy or an ornament. Its dull "thud" will never be forgotten by any traveller who has once heard it near him. If one should ask them why they must needs constitute such an unpleasant article an inseparable companion, they would reply, perhaps, as did their meditative Texan brother: "Stranger, yer see thet I don't allow to claim thet yer'll need a six-shooter all the time. Yer might go days, an' weeks, an' months, an' not hev no call to draw on a man. But thar'd come a time when yer did need it, and when that time *did* come, stranger, yer may bet yer bottom dollar *that yer'd need it bad.*"

This constant carrying and use of fire-arms is a very unpleasant phase of life on the plains, and a truthful narrative of experiences of every day among the stockmen, especially at the points where the "rum mills" are to be found, would rival any dime novel in existence.

But the hardy fellows in the picture are peaceable enough. As the boys used to write in their school-books, *tempus est ludendi*, it is play-time with them. In old days a man going into the stock business never thought of buying his "range," or grazing ground. There were the great plains covered with the yellowish-green buffalo grass, stretching from the mountains to the Missouri, not divided by fences or covered by title-deeds. Over these the herds roamed. Sometimes four owners would "pool their issues," let their herds run together, designated by their brands, and direct the four *rancheros* to scour the country in different directions. With the increase of population this system has necessarily been changed; stockmen begin to own their ranges, and some are putting up fences, and using every means to keep their cattle by themselves. The cow-boys' lives are thus less lonely than in old times, but they are singularly barren of any but the barest creature comforts, and it would seem as if they would be unbearable to men of active minds. They bring rude health, undoubtedly; and there is much excitement of a pleasurable kind about them, but the monotony must be terrible at times, and unless the cow-boy be exceptionally frugal and thrifty, there would seem to be little future in store for him. He can not always ride after cattle, and he is hardly likely to save much for his old age. But he concerns himself little about the distant future. He works hard, and when the day's duty is done, as with the boys in the picture, he seeks such amusement as can be had. His habits of life develop in him that gambling instinct which is so near the surface in men of that class, and, like the owner of the jumping frog in Mark Twain's story, he "would bet on anything." A couple of bulls, after some preliminary demonstrations, have locked horns for a fierce tussle. In a moment the interest of every one is aroused. Bets are eagerly offered, and as eagerly taken. The "Seven-up" and the "Triple V" (familiar brands) has each his warm partisans. Gold, silver, and greenbacks are scarce enough, but into the stake-holder's broad-brimmed hat go the cherished six-shooter, the many-bladed pocket-knife, the "bowie" bought out of last month's wages, the watch of more than one kind, and the varying phases of the contest fill the owners who have staked them with alternating hope and fear. Well they know that some must go home "busted" at night, and these hardy men await the issue with as much concern as fills the breast of the young lady who has entered her name for her first raffle at a church fair.

A. A. Hayes, Jun.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A lady with a fatal squint came once to a fashionable artist for her portrait. He looked at her, and she looked at him, and both were embarrassed. He spoke first. "Would your ladyship permit me," he said, "to take the profile? There is a certain shyness about your ladyship's eyes which is as difficult in art as it is fascinating in nature."

THE NEWSBOY VIEW OF IT.

CONVERSATION OVERHEARD BETWEEN TWO BOOT-BLACKS.

First B. "Hey, Jim, yez didn't git no papers this mornin'."

Second B. "No; nothin' in 'em to holler."

First B. "Wrecker the *Rhode Island.*"

Second B. "*Rhode Island* be blowed! That weren't no kind of a wreck. No *lives lost.*"

A Western woman who married the next day after her husband's death excused herself on the ground that there was a whole ham in the cellar, and she was afraid it would spoil if she didn't get some one to help to eat it.

Guest at a Restaurant (*to waiter, having a complaint to make*). "Say, waiter, where is the proprietor?"

Waiter (*with a fond and pitying smile*). "Gone to his dinner. Do you think he dines here? The boss knows too much for that."

A beggar held out his hand. "I haven't a cent," said the gentleman. "I did not specify the coin," responded the mendicant.

A clergyman was lately depicting before a deeply interested audience the alarming increase of intemperance, when he astonished his hearers by saying, "A young woman in my neighborhood died very suddenly last Sabbath, while I was preaching in a beastly state of intoxication."

"Mark where he stands," as the shoemaker said to his assistant while taking the measure of a customer's foot.

A young lady fell overboard the other day during a yacht race. She was picked up, and they called it a regotta.

Everybody has heard of the jolly Dutchman who, when the steamboat was likely to sink, succeeded, after much trouble, in finding a life-preserver large enough to fit him. While he was trying his best to blow it up, a young fellow standing by said: "You can't fill that with wind; it leaks. Don't you hear it siss?" "Ish dot so?" he replied. "Vell, I dinks, den, I petter keep de vind in myself."

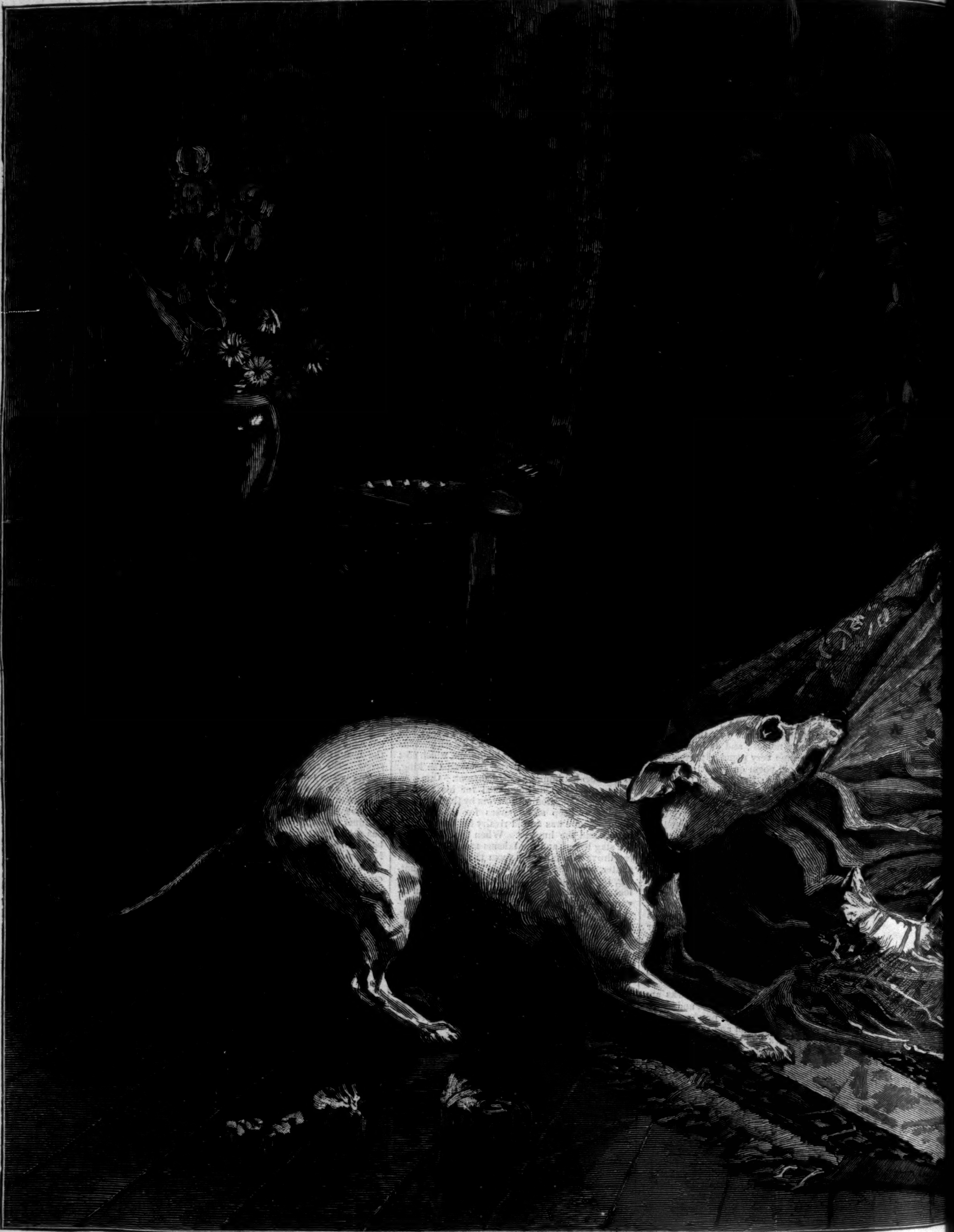
Teacher. "Suppose that you have two sticks of candy and your big brother gives you two more, how many have you got then?"

Little Boy (*shaking his head*). "You don't know him; he ain't that kind of a boy."

In Philadelphia two ladies met on the street, and one said to the other, "Why, you look very happy this morning; what's happened?" "Oh, I've just been up having my fortune told," was the reply, "and the woman says I'm to marry twice more, have diamonds and a camel's-hair shawl, and that I can go to the opera six nights in a week if I want to." "Dear me! I don't wonder that you are happy. But you won't say anything to your husband?" "Oh, of course not. Poor man! he's good to me, and it might hurt his feelings to know that I am going to marry twice more. I think I'll tell him that I'm likely to die first."

FALL HATS.

Jones had a few Hats bet of the Election, which were promptly delivered, as the count couldn't possibly be contested this time.



A DISARRANGEMENT IN BLUE

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1235.]

ASPHODEL.

By MISS M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Barbara; or, Splendid Misery," "A Strange World," "Lady Audley's Secret," "Dead Men's Shoes," "Vixen," etc.

CHAPTER XIII.

"AFTER MY MIGHT FUL FAYNE WOLD I YOU PLESE."

The day after the family dinner was hopelessly wet; so the expedition to Shottery, proposed by Edgar Turchill and seconded by Daphne, was indefinitely postponed. The summer fleeted by, the beautiful bounteous summer, with her lap full of sweet-scented flowers; the corn grew tall, the hay was being carted in many a meadow within sound of Stratford bells; and the woods began to put on that look of dull uniform green which indicates the beginning of the end. For the sisters at South Hill, for Gerald Goring and Edgar Turchill, July and August had been one long holiday: there was so little in life for these young people to do except take their pleasure. Theirs was an existence of perpetual rose-gathering; and the roses of life budded and bloomed for them with an inexhaustible fertility. Perhaps Madoline was the only one among them who had any idea of duty. Edgar was an affectionate son, a good master, and a liberal landlord; but he had never been called upon to sacrifice his own inclinations for the welfare of others, and he had never given his mind to any of the graver questions of the day. To him it mattered very little how the laboring classes as a body were taught and housed, so long as the peasants on his own land had decent cottages, and were strangers to want. It irked him not whether the mass of mankind were Jews or Gentiles, ritualists, dissenters, or rank unbelievers, so long as he sat in the old cloth-lined family pew on Sunday morning, assisting at the same service which had been all-sufficient for his father, and seeing his dependents deporting themselves discreetly in their places in the gallery. His life was a narrow life, travelling in a narrow path that had been worn for him by the footsteps of his ancestors. He was a good man, in a limited way. But he had never read the modern gospel according to Thomas Carlyle, which, after all, is but an expansion of the parable of the talents; and he knew not that every man must work after some fashion or other, and do something for the time in which he lives. He was so thoroughly honest and true-hearted that if the narrowness and uselessness of his life had been revealed
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snubbed him. But to be snubbed by her was better than the smiles and blandishments of other women. She was given to that coyness and skittishness, the *grata protervitas*, which seems to have been the chief fascination of the professional beauty of the Augustan era. She was coy as Chloe, coquettish as Glycera, fickle as Lydia, who, supposing there was only one lady of that name, and she a real personage, was rather too bad. Daphne was half a dozen girls in one; sometimes welcoming her swain so sweetly that he felt sure she loved him, and the next day turning from him with scornful impatience, as if his very presence were weariness to her.

He bore it all. "Being her slave, what could he do," etc. He had Shakspeare's sonnets by heart, and was somewhat of the slavish lover therein depicted. His Lydia might flout him today, and he was just as ready to fetch and carry for her to-morrow. She had changed, and for the worse, since the sweet fresh early summer-tide when they two had breakfasted *tête-à-tête* in the boat-house. She was not so even-tempered. She was ever so much more capricious and exacting, and she was prone to gloomy intervals which any one other than a lover might have ascribed to sulks. Edgar wondered, not without sorrow, at the change; but it was not in him to blame her. He made all manner of excuses. Her health. She might be a victim of obscure neuralgic pains and aches, which she heroically concealed from her friends—albeit her fair and fresh appearance belied the supposition. Perhaps it was the weather which made her occasionally cross. Who could go on in simpering placidity with the thermometer at ninety in the shade?

"And then we spoil her," argued Edgar, urging his final plea. "She is so bewitching that one can't help spoiling her. Madoline spoils her. I am an idiot about her; and even Goring, for all his contemptuous airs and graces, is almost as easily fooled by her as the rest of us. If we were more rational in our treatment of her, she would be less faulty. But then her very faults are charming."

It had been, or had seemed to be, an utterly happy summer for everybody at South Hill. Two months of splendid weather; two months wasted in picnicking and excursionizing, driving, boating, lawn tennis, tea-drinking, journeying to and fro between South Hill and Goring Abbey to watch the progress of the hot-houses, which, despite the unlimited means of their future master, progressed with a provoking slowness. For some little time after Gerald's arrival Daphne had held herself as much as possible in the background.

She had tried to keep aloof from the life of the two lovers; but this Madoline would not suffer.

"You are to be in all our amusements, and to hear all our plans, dear," she told her sister one day. "I never meant that you and I should be less together, or less dear to each other, because of Gerald's return. Do you think my heart is not big enough to hold you both?"

"I know it is, Lina. But I fancy Mr. Goring would like to have it all to himself, and would soon get to look upon me as an intruder, if I were too much with you. You had better leave me at home to amuse myself on the river, or to play ball with Goldie, who is more than a person as to sense and sensibility."

To this Madoline would not consent. Her love of her sister was so tempered with pity, so chastened and softened by her knowledge of the shadow that darkened the beginning of Daphne's life, that it was much deeper and stronger than the affection common among sisters. She wanted to make up to Daphne for all she had lost—for the cruel mother who had deserted her in her cradle, for the father's unjust resentment. And then there was the delightful idea that Edgar Turchill, that second best of men, whom she had rejected as a husband, would by-and-by be her brother; and that Daphne's future, sheltered and cherished by a good man's devoted love, would be as complete and perfect a life as the fairest and sweetest of women need desire to live. Madoline had quite made up her mind that Edgar was to marry Daphne. That he was passionately in love with her was obvious to the meanest capacity. Everybody at South Hill knew it, except perhaps Daphne herself. That she liked him with placid sisterly regard was equally clear. And who could doubt that time would ripen this sisterly regard into that warmer feeling which could alone recompense him for his devotion? Thus, against the girl's own better sense, it became an understood fact that Daphne was to be a third in all the lovers' amusements and occupations, and that Mr. Turchill was very frequently to make a fourth in the same. To Gerald Goring the presence of these two seemed in no wise obnoxious. Daphne's vivacity amused him, and he looked upon his old friend Turchill as a considerably inferior order of being, not altogether unamusing after his kind. He was not an exacting lover. He accepted his bliss as a settled thing; he knew that no rock on Cornwall's rugged coast was more securely based than his hold on Madoline's affection. He was troubled by no jealous doubts; his love knew no hot fits or cold fits, no quarrelling for the after-bliss of reconciliation. There was nothing of the *grata protervitas* in Madoline's gentle nature. Her well-balanced mind could not have stooped to coquetry.

August was drawing to its close. It had been a month of glorious weather, such halcyon days as made the farmer's occupation seem just the most delightful calling possible for man. There was not much arable land within ken of South Hill, but what corn fields there were promised abundant crops; and one of the magnates of the land, who in his dudgeon against a revolutionary tampering with the game-laws looming in the dim future, had rough-ploughed a thousand acres or so of his best land rather than let it under obnoxious conditions, may have thought regretfully of the corn that might have been reaped off those breezy uplands, in those fertile valleys, where at his bidding sprang cockle instead of barley. It was a month of holiday-making for everybody—for even the labor of the fields, looked at from the outside, seemed like holiday-making. Quiet little Stratford, flushed with spasmodic life by the arrival of a corps of artillery, tooted on trumpets, and daddy-mammyed on drums; while the horn of the Leamington coach blew lustily every morning and afternoon, and the fox-hound puppy at nurse at the Red Horse found the middle of the highway no longer a comfortable place for his after-dinner nap. It was the season of American tourists, doing Stratford and its environs, guide-book in hand, and crowding in to the inn parlor, after luncheon, to see the veritable chair in which Washington Irving used to sit.

There came a drowsy sunny noontide when the lovers had no particular employment for their day. They had been reduced to playing billiards directly after breakfast, until Gerald discovered that it was too hot for billiards, whereupon the four players—Lina, Daphne, Gerald, and Turchill—repaired to the garden in search of shade.

"Shade!" cried Daphne, indignantly. "Who wants shade? Who could ever have too much of Phœbus Apollo? Not I. We see too little of his godlike countenance, and I will never turn my back upon him."

She seated herself on the burned grass in the full blaze of the sun, while the other three sat in the shadow of an immense Spanish chestnut, which grew wide and low, making a leafy tent.

"This is a horrid idle way of spending one's day," said Daphne, jumping up with sudden impatience, after they had all sat for half an hour talking lazily of the weather and their neighbors. "Is there nothing for us to do?"

"Yes, you excitable young person," answered Gerald, "since your restless temper won't let us be comfortable here, we'll make you exert yourself elsewhere. The river is the only place where life can be tolerable upon such a day as this. The nicest thing would be to be in it. The next best thing, perhaps, is to be on it. You shall row us to Stratford weir, Miss Daphne."

"I should like it of all things. I am dying for something to do," responded Daphne, brightening. "You'll take an oar, won't you, Edgar?"

"Of course, if you'd really like to go. By-the-bye, suppose we improve the occasion by landing at Stratford, and walking Gerald over to Shottery to see Ann Hathaway's cottage?"

"Delicious!" cried Daphne. "It shall be a regular Shakspearean pilgrimage. We'll take tea and things, and have kettledrum in Mrs. Baker's house-place. She'll let me do what I like, I know. And Mr. Goring shall carry the basket, as a punishment for his hideous apathy. And we'll talk to him about Shakspeare's early life all the way."

"Shakspeare's life, forsooth!" cried Gerald, scornfully. "Who is there that knows anything about it? Half a dozen entries in a parish register; a few traditional sayings of Ben Jonson's; and a pack of sentimentalists—English and German—evolve out of their inner consciousness a sentimental biography. 'We may picture him as a youth going across the fields to Shottery: because it is the shortest way, and a man of his Titanic mind would naturally have taken it: yes, over the same meadows we tread this day—on the same ground, if not on the same grass." Or again: 'Seeing that apostle-spoons were still in common use in the reign of Elizabeth, it may be fairly concluded that the immortal poet used one for his bread-and-treacle: for who shall affirm that he did not eat bread-and-treacle, that the inspired lad of the Stratford grammar school had not the same weaknesses and boyish affections as his schoolmates? Who would not love to possess Shakspeare's spoon, or to eat out of Shakspeare's porringer?' That is the kind of rot which clever men write about Shakspeare; and I think it is because I have been overdosed with such stuff that I have learned to detest the bard in his private character."

"You are a hardened infidel, and you shall certainly carry the basket."

"What, madam, would you degrade me to a hireling's office? 'Gregory, o' my word, we'll not carry coals.'"

"There, you see," cried Daphne, triumphantly, "you can't live without quoting him. He has interwoven himself with our daily speech."

"Because we are parrots, without ideas of our own," answered Gerald.

"Oh, I'm proud of belonging to the soil on which he was reared. I wish there were one drop of his blood in my veins. I envy Edgar because his remote ancestry claim kin with the Ardens. I almost wish I were a Turchill."

"That would be so easy to accomplish!" said Edgar, softly, blushing at his own audacity.

Daphne noticed neither his speech nor his confusion. She was all excitement at the idea of an adventurous afternoon, were it only a visit to the familiar cottage.

"Madoline dearest, may I order them to pack us a really nice tea?" she asked.

"Yes, dear, if we are all decided upon going."

"It seems to me that the whole thing has been decided for us," said Gerald, smiling indulgently at the vivacious face, radiant in the broad noonday light, the willowy figure in a white gown flecked and checkered with sunshine.

"You order me to row you down the Avon," said Daphne, "and I condemn you to a penitential walk to Shottery. You ought by rights to go barefoot, dressed in a white sheet; only I don't think it would become you."

"It might be too suggestive of the Turkish bath," said Gerald. "Well, I submit, and if needs be I'll carry the basket, provided you don't plague me too much about your poet."

"I move an amendment," interposed Edgar. "Sir Vernon is to take the chair at Warwick at the Yeomanry dinner, so Miss Lawford is off duty. Let us all go on to Hawksyard and dine with the old mother. It 'll delight her, and it won't be half bad fun for us. There'll be the harvest-moon to light you home, Madoline, and the drive will be very pleasant in the cool of the—"

"Cock-chafers," cried Gerald. "They are particularly cool at that hour—come banging against one's nose with ineffable assurance."

"Say you'll come, Lina," pleaded Edgar, "and I'll send one of Sir Vernon's stable-boys to Hawksyard on my horse with a line to the mater, if I may."

"I should enjoy it immensely—if Gerald likes, and if you are sure Mrs. Turchill would like to have us."

"I think I'd better be out of it. I'm not a favorite with Mrs. Turchill," said Daphne, bluntly.

"Oh, Daphne!" cried Turchill, ruefully.

"Oh, Edgar!" cried Daphne, mocking him. "Can you lay your hand upon your heart and declare, as an honest man, that your mother likes me?"

"Perhaps not quite so much as she will when she knows more of you," answers the squire of Hawksyard, as red as a turkey-cock. "The fact is, she so worships Madoline that you are a little thrown into the shade."

"Of course. How could any one who likes Madoline care about me? It isn't possible," retorted Daphne, with a somewhat bitter laugh. "If I were one of a boisterous brood of underbred girls I might have a chance of being considered just endurable; but as Lina's sister I am as the shadow to the sunlight; I am like the back of a beautiful picture—a square of dirty canvas—"

"If you are fishing for compliments you are wasting trouble," said Gerald. "It is not a day on which any man will rack his brains in the composition of pretty speeches."

"May I write the note? May I send the boy?" asked Edgar.

Lina looked at her lover, and finding him consentient, consented; whereupon Edgar hurried off, intensely pleased, to make his arrangements.

So far he had been disappointed in his hope of seeing Daphne a frequent guest at Hawksyard, the petted companion and plaything of his mother. He had made for himself an almost Arcadian picture: Daphne basking on the stone bench in the Baconian garden, amusing herself with the poultry, even milking a cow on occasion, and making junkets in the picturesque old dairy. He had fancied her up stairs, down stairs, and in my lady's chamber; unearthing all Mrs. Turchill's long-hoarded treasures of laces and ribbons, kept to be looked at rather than to be worn; sorting the house linen, which would have stocked a Swiss hotel, and which ran the risk of perishing by slow decay upon its shelves ere it was worn by usage. He had pictured her accepted as the daughter of the house; waking the solemn old echoes with her glad young voice; fondling his dogs; riding his hunters in the green lanes and across the level fields. She was pining to ride; but of the six horses at South Hill there was not one which Sir Vernon would allow her to mount.

The pleasant picture was as yet only a phantasm of the mind. Mrs. Turchill had not taken to Daphne. She was a good woman—truthful, honest, kind-hearted—but she had her prejudices, and was passing obstinate.

"I don't deny her prettiness," she said, when Edgar tried to convince her that not to admire Daphne was a fault in herself, "but she is not a girl that I could ever make a friend of."

"That's because you don't take the trouble to know her, mother. If you would ask her here oftener—"

"I hope I know my place, Edgar," said the mistress of the Grange, stiffly. "If Miss Daphne Lawford wishes to improve my acquaintance she knows where to find me."

But Daphne had taken no pains to secure to herself the advantage of Mrs. Turchill's friendship. There was no particular reason why she should go to Hawksyard; so, after one solemn afternoon call with Madoline, on which occasion they were received with chilling formality in the best drawing-room—an apartment with an eight-foot oak dado, deeply recessed mullion windows, and a state bedroom adjoining—Daphne went there no more. And now here was a splendid opportunity of making her at home in the dear old house, and of showing her all the surroundings which he loved and cherished.

"Best of Mothers" (he wrote),—"I am going to take you by storm this afternoon. We—Lina, Daphne, Mr. Goring, and I—are going to Shottery, and propose driving on to Hawksyard afterward. Get up the best dinner you can at so short a notice, and give us your warmest welcome. You had better put out plenty of Hirsch's Liebfraumilch, and a little dry Cham. for Goring. The girls drink only water. Let there be syllabubs and junkets, and everything pastoral. Don't ask any one to meet them," added Edgar, with a dread of having the local parson projected on his love-feast: "we want a jolly, free-and-easy evening. Dinner at eight.

"Your loving Ted."

This brief epistle was handed to Mrs. Turchill just as she was sitting down to luncheon. Her first idea was to strike. Her son might have brought home half a dozen of his bachelor friends, and it would have been a pleasure to her to kill fatted calves and put out expensive wines. She would have racked her brain to produce an attractive menu, and taxed the resources of poultry-yard and dairy to the uttermost. But to be bidden to prepare a feast for Madoline, who had rejected her paragon son, for the rival who had supplanted him, and for Daphne, whom she most cordially disliked, was something too much. She sat at her simple meal bridling and murmuring to herself in subdued revolt. She was tempted to ring for Rebecca, and confide her wrongs to that sympathetic ear; but discretion and her very genuine love for her son prevailed, and instead of summoning Rebecca she sent for the cook, and announced the dinner party as if it were the fulfillment of a long-cherished desire.

Daphne ran down to the boat-house before the others had finished luncheon, and with Bink's assistance made her boat a picture of comfort. Gerald was excused from the burden of the basket, as that could be conveyed in the carriage which was to pick up the party at Shottery and take them on to Hawksyard. The old name of the boat had been erased forever by workman-like hands the day after Daphne's futile attempt to obliterate it. *Norah Creina* now appeared in fresh gilding above the deposed emperor.

"You ought not to have altered it," said Gerald. "There was something original in calling your boat after a blood-thirsty lunatic. *Norah Creina* is the essence of cockneyism."

"It was the boat-builder's suggestion," Daphne answered, indifferently. "What's in a name?"

"True! Your boat by any other name would go as fast."

Daphne had to wait some time by the water's edge before the other three came quietly strolling across the meadow. She had been sculling gently up and down under the willows while she waited.

"Now, then, Empress," said Gerald, when he had arranged Lina's shawls, and settled her comfortably in her place, "you are to sit beside your sister. Edgar and I will take an oar apiece, while you and Lina amuse us with your conversation."

This nickname of Empress was a reminiscence of Daphne's adventure in Fontainebleau Forest. It matched very well with her occasional imperiousness, and the association was known only to Gerald Goring and herself. It amused him when he was in a mischievous humor to call her by a name which she never heard without a blush.

"I thought I was to row you?" said Daphne.

"No, Empress; as it's all down stream, we of the sterner sex will relieve you of the duty. Besides, you could never row comfortably in that go-to-meeting get-up," said Gerald, looking critically at Daphne's straw-colored Indian silk, embroidered with scarlet poppies and amber wheat ears, and fluffy with soft lace about the neck and arms, and the Swiss milkmaid's hat with its wreath of corn-flowers.

"I could not wear a boating-dress, as we are to dine with Mrs. Turchill," said Daphne.

"You might have worn what you liked," protested Edgar, eagerly; "but you look so lovely in that yellow gown that I shall be pleased for my mother to see you in it. She is weak about gowns. I believe she has a wardrobe full of gorgeous attire which she and Rebecca review once a week, but which nobody ever wears."

"The gowns will do for the chair-covers of a future generation," said Gerald; "all the chair-covers in my mother's morning-room are made out of the court trains of her grandmothers and great-aunts. I believe a court mantle in those days consumed two yards and a half of stuff."

He had taken off his coat, and bared his arms to above the elbow.

"What a splendid stroke you pull, still, Goring!" said Edgar, admiringly, "and you have the wrist of a navvy."

"One of my paternal inheritances," answered Gerald, coolly; "you know my father was a navvy." At which frank speech everybody in the boat blushed except the speaker.

"He must have been a glorious fellow," faltered Edgar, after an awkward pause.

"Any man who can make a million of money, and keep it, without leaving speck or flaw upon his good name, must be a glorious fellow," answered Gerald, with more heartiness than was usual to him. "My father lived to do good to others as well as to himself, and went down to his grave honored and beloved. I wish I were more like him."

"That's the nicest thing I ever heard you say!" exclaimed Daphne.

"Praise from Sir Hubert Stanley"—murmured Gerald; "I am beginning to feel proud of myself."

They landed at the boat-builder's, below the bridge, hard by that decayed old inn which must have seen courtlier company than the wagoners and wayfarers who drink there now. Then they crossed Sir Hugh Clopton's granite bridge, and walked through the quiet town to the meadows that led to Shottery. It is but a mile from the town to the village, a mile of meadow pathway, every step of which is haunted by ghostly footsteps—the Sacred Way of English literature.

"It's no use telling me not to talk about him," cried Daphne, as she jumped lightly from the top of a stile, the ascent whereof tested the capacity of a fashionable frock: "I can not tread this ground without thinking of him. I am positively bursting with the idea of him."

"Which is the he whose image pursues you?" asked Gerald, with that languid upward twitch of his dark brows which gracefully expressed a mild drawing-room cynicism. "Do these fields suggest grave thoughts about tenant right, or game-laws, or the land question generally? Is it Beaconsfield or Gladstone whose eidolon pursues you?"

"Please don't be disgusting," cried Daphne. "Can one think of anybody in these meadows except—"

"The inevitable William. A man does not live near Stratford with impunity. He must be dosed. Well, child, what are you bursting to say?"

"I have been thinking what a happiness it is to know that the dear creature travelled so little," responded Daphne; "and that when he talks of Bohemia, or France, or Germany, Rome, Verona, Elsinore, or Inverness—"

"Somebody wrote a treatise an inch thick to show that Shakspeare may have gone to Scotland with the king's players; but I fancy he left his case as hypothetical as he found it," interjected Gerald.

"Whether he talks of Athens—or Africa—he really means Warwickshire," pursued Daphne. "It is his own native county that is always present to his mind. Florizel and Perdita make love in our meadows. There is the catalogue of flowers just as they bloom to-day. And Rosalind's cottage was in a lane near the few old oaks which still remain to show where Arden Forest once stood. And poor Ophelia drowned herself in one of the backwaters of our Avon. I can show you the very willow growing aslant the brook."

"A backwater isn't a brook," murmured Edgar, mildly.

"I allow that local color is not our William's strong point," answered Gerald. "Not being a traveller, he would have done better had he never ventured beyond the limits of his Warwickshire experience; for in that case he would not have imagined lions in the streets of Rome, or a sea-coast in Bohemia."

"Wait till you write a play or a novel," retorted Daphne, "and you'll find you'll have to adapt yourself to circumstances."

"That's exactly what your divine bard did not do. He adapted circumstances to suit his plays."

[to be continued.]

FRENCH FARMERS.

A very common type of farmer in France is the man who has received what we should call the education of a gentleman; that is to say, that he has been brought up at a first-rate public school, and has afterward learned farming scientifically at the Agricultural College of Grignon. Such a man is precious in the wine-growing districts, where new experiments have constantly to be tried to combat the phylloxera, and to improve the quality of the vine soil. A wealthy vine-grower will pay a fine salary to a farmer capable of adding to the renown of his vintage, and it stands to reason that the farmer almost always ends by setting up for himself, when he marries a wife who brings him a *dot*. Another pretty common type of the French farmer is the one who has been obliged to sell off lands of his own through pecuniary stress, but who continues to occupy his old dwelling, and farms the land that was once his for its new owners. This man is not likely to be very ambitious; failure has made him wise, and he is inclined to think that his lot as a farmer is, on the whole, preferable to his former condition as a starveling peasant proprietor. For one thing, he has given up all idea of amass-

ing money for his children. A large family springs up round him, but he has made up his mind that they shall shift for themselves, and what money he can make he spends on himself. Just for luck's sake he keeps a hundred dollars or so invested in some municipal loan having *tirages à primes*, which give him a chance of winning a *gros lot* of 100,000 francs; and possibly one bright morning he ends by winning this *gros lot*, or an equivalent prize in a lottery, which enables him to laugh for the remainder of his days at the more parsimonious race of farmers who pinch and screw all their lives long.

Generally speaking, the French farmer is not a jolly soul. Whether he be a man of education or not, he settles down into a grub sort of life, faring frugally on soup and the thinnest of ordinary red wine or cider. The stock of his soup is bacon, and he eats butcher's-meat only twice a week; that is, on Sunday and market-day. When he attends market he makes a succulent *déjeuner*, and drinks a good deal of beer afterward at the café. This is his only cheerful time; at ordinary seasons he is morose, troubled about the weather, the conscription which is going to take his son into the army, and about politics, of which he understands just enough to be in constant dread of revolutions. He is a conservative; that is to say that he upholds the government of the day, whatever it is, for fear of anarchy; but no government is popular with him, for every administration finds it necessary to lay on new taxes. Taking him all round, however, the French farmer ought to be more contented than his English brother, for he has a much less inclement climate to contend with. A bad harvest is not a common thing in France, and a succession of bad harvests never occurs. It is lucky for the French farmer that this is so, for there are few French landlords who would be in a position to remit any part of a year's rent after a bad harvest. The rule in France is that farmers' rent must be paid as punctually as lodgers' rent. If it be not paid, ejection is resorted to at once, and nobody thinks of looking upon the tenant as an ill-used man.

IRISH SUPERSTITIONS.

The Glens of Banagher are visited by all tourists who explore the County Londonderry as far as Dungiven. Stretching up a gentle hill, they are seen from some distance; the natural wood that clothes them grows more stunted as it ascends. Each of the five wooded glens resembles the Dargle in miniature. We saw them first in autumn, when the river was swollen by late rains, and the birch and hazel boughs that dipped into it were turning yellow and crimson.

We followed the course of the river through the centre glen, from which the others branch off; and now slipping upon stones covered with wet moss, now up to the knees in fern, we reached a deep dark pool surrounded by rocks twenty feet in height, in whose crevices the hardy mountain ash had found footing. It was a gloomy spot, even though rich clusters of scarlet berries, mingled with yellow leaves, drooped over the water.

We had been told that a saint lay buried in the old grave-yard near the entrance to the glens, and that the sand from his grave had valuable properties if received from the hand of a man named Heany, supposed to be a lineal descendant from the saint. Here, then, were marvels grouped together that might reward inquiry, and we resolved to prosecute research.

"Is it ould ancient stories you want, miss?" said a woman who was herding her cow in the glens. "Weel, then, Jamie Roe is the man can tell you all about Lig-na-paisthe, an' the beast that's confined in it; an' about the Banagher sand, too. He's upwards of a hundred years of age, and it jist beats all what he minds."

Acting upon her advice, we went to visit Jamie Roe, a little old man, quite blind, who from his appearance might well be a century old. His daughter, a middle-aged woman, was his sole companion. She thanked us for the honor we did him, and said a great many people came to see her father because of his great age, but it was not often he had a visit from a lady.

"Is it the story of St. Murtogh O'Heany you wish to hear?" asked he. "Weel, miss, there's nane livin' could tell it better nor me. There was a big serpent lived in them glens fornenst us, an' he was devouring all before him, an' if he had got eating on, he'd ha' destroyed the whole world. The good St. Murtogh O'Heany was in the world then, and he was heart sorry for the poor people. He was walking near the glens one day, an' the serpent was lying on the side o' the brae yonder, an' he went too close to him, an' was nearly sucked in by his breath. Then St. O'Heany prayed to the Lord, an' axed Him to let him bind the serpent wi' three green rushes. His prayer was heard, an' he got power to bind him wi' the rushes. He prayed again that the green rushes might be turned into three iron bands, an' that prayer was granted too. Next he axed the Lord to make the serpent as light as a blind man's ball, that he might be able to put him on his stick an' carry him to Lig-na-paisthe. Weel, miss, it happened so. The serpent grew light, an' he carried him to the pool that we call Lig-na-paisthe (that manes the hole o' the beast), an' throwed him in, an' there he's lyin' bound wi' the three iron bands till the resurrection day. The saint gave him the half of all diseases, an' the half of the fish that comes down the river for his meat. If you throw anything into the pool, it 'ill come up the first time an' the second, but it 'ill be devoured the third time."

"Did you ever see anything thrown in?"

"Troth did I. There was a gentleman went to Lig-na-paisthe one day, an' he was mocking an' sayin' he did na believe there was ever a serpent in it, an' them that was wi' him dared him to throw his dog in. He throwed him in onst, an' he came up; an' twice, an' he came up; an' then the gentleman laughed, an' says he, 'Where's your serpent now?' 'Try again,' says the others, an' he throwed the dog in again, an' his heart an' liver was all that come up."

"What diseases can be cured there?"

"All kinds of sores, an' wounds, an' crippled limbs, an' fevers. The people comes from all parts to it. It's as great a place as Lough Derg, an' I ha' known them come frae Belfast to it."

"Now tell something about the Banagher sand. Is it true that the saint is buried in the old church-yard, and that the sand from his grave has certain virtues, but only when it is lifted by a man called Heany?"

"Quite true—as true as the Gospel. The race of people called Heany can give the sand, an' there's aye ane o' them livin' convenient to the ould church for that purpose."

"Who gives it at present?"

"I'm the man."

"You? Why I heard that your name was James Roe!"

"Ay, miss," interposed the daughter; "it's 'Roe' he still gets called, because his hair used to be red; but Heany is his own name. He's descended from the saint, an' as he was sayin', nane but a man o' the name o' Heany has power to lift the sand."

"Well, I had no idea that I had come to the real Heany who gives the sand."

"He'll lift nae mair o't," said his daughter, sorrowfully, "for he's quite dark now."

"Will you have to lift it instead of him?"

"Oh no, not while there's a man body o' the name. There's a brother o' mine that 'ill do it. The people comes frae Cookstown an' Draperstown an' Belfast to get it out o' my father's ane hand."

"What is it good for?"

"If you cross the seas wi' a pinch o' the sand, you'll no be drowned; an' the house 'ill never be burned that has some o' the sand in it. If twa girls likes the same young man, the ane that has the sand need only throw a wee dust o't on the other girl, an' the sweetheart 'ill never look at her again. If a man was attacked, he'd only ha' to throw sand on his adversary, an' he'd fly; an' if there was twa men racing horses, ane that had the sand be to throw a whean grains on the other horse, an' his ain horse 'ud win. Then, miss, it's good for keepin' witches an' warlocks away. A bag o' sand wi' a twig o' rowan in it s'uld be hung round the cows' necks, an' divil a fear that they'll be elf-shot; an' if nice wee childer had it on them, feen a ane o' them wad be overlooked. The sand has got power, if anybody 'ud throw a dust o't at you, you'd be quite weak in a minute."

"Dinna forget the diaouls, Sally!" cried the old man, who had been listening to his daughter's explanations with much interest. "Dinna forget the diaouls."

"What does he mean?"

"Why, miss, I ha' seen him doing it twenty times. He'd make a circle o' the sand on the floor in the name o' the blessed Trinity, an' put three diaouls inside it, an' they couldna get crossing the sand—they'd die first."

"That is indeed very strange. Do not people curse the diaoul"—the cock-tailed beetle, called the devil's coach-horse in parts of England—"because he is said to have shown Christ's enemies the way He had gone?"

"Dear! dear! do you know that? Father, isn't this lady knowledgeable? Ay, miss, you're in the right. When the Jews was searching for our Saviour to take Him, they should ha' axed the men working on the roads where He had gone, an' they wouldna tell; but an army of diaouls all turned up their tails to show the way; an' it's allowed to be a gude thing to kill them. If you kill a diaoul you'll be forgiven seven sins. Father, you be to gie this lady some o' the sand."

"I hope she's no mocking, Sally."

"No, no, father, the lady's too gude to mock. Wad you wish for some, miss?"

"If you please; I shall be much obliged for some."

Sally climbed upon a stool, and put her hand into a dark recess above the chimney. She was busy at the window for a few minutes, and then she came forward with a packet of sand carefully tied up in the leaf of a national-school copy-book. "But you be to gie it to her out o' your ain hand, father."

"Ay," said the old man, gravely; "where is her hand?"

He took my hand in both his own, pressed the packet into it, and, very much to my consternation, said, in a voice trembling with real emotion, "In the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, may this keep you from danger, an' bring you gude luck! amen." We had not been prepared for the little religious ceremony, which he evidently regarded in a very solemn light. We soon after got up to take leave, and my companion, who had listened silently to my pursuit of information, produced a paper of tea from her pocket, and presented it to Sally, saying, "I hope your father likes a cup of good tea?"

"Sure it isna in payment for the sand, my lady?" asked Jamie Roe, anxiously; "for I darena tak' payment for that."

My friend hastened to remind him that we had not even known that his name was Heany, or that he had anything to do with the sand, when we came to visit him; and having dissipated his scruples, we took leave.

As Lig-na-paisthe is associated with a name which is held in honor throughout the entire district, so is another sacred place—the Moat of Moybolgue, in the County Cavan—associated with a name, but a name to this day regarded with horror.

The Moat of Moybolgue is a large grassy mound with level crown, something like the Danish forts so common all over Ireland. It lies a few hundred yards distant from a ruined church in an ancient burying-ground, and commands an extensive view of a bleak country with little plantation and many hills and little lakes. A mountain stream flows straight across the old country road that leads to the church, and a few rude stepping-stones serve instead of a bridge.

But this bleak, externally uninteresting spot is so sacred, that crowds of votaries ascend the hill, either to lay a friend to rest in the church-yard, or to pray upon the moat.

Honor Garrigan, the wretched woman whose name is associated with the moat, is said to have lived in the days of St. Patrick, and one Sunday morning she rode behind her servant up the hill to church, to receive the holy communion from the saint's hand. As they rode along she saw a bunch of ripe blackberries in the hedge, and ordered her servant to stop and let her get off the horse that she might pick them.

"For shame!" remonstrated the poor boy; "for shame! Don't be lookin' at them, for surely you wouldn't break your fast, an' you going forward to receive the blessed communion."

But Honor Garrigan would not listen to his pious warning. She jumped down, and picked and ate the blackberries, and then her hunger grew and grew, and she ate the boy, and then the horse. The congregation, pouring out of church, saw the horrible sight, called to St. Patrick to save them, and cried out with one voice, "She has destroyed the boy an' the horse, an' she's coming on to destroy us too!" St. Patrick was only just in time. As she was rushing at the people to devour them, he ran to the moat, and kneeling down upon it, took aim at Honor Garrigan with his bow and arrow, and shot her dead. She flew into four quarters, which fell in the four corners of the field outside the church-yard, and were buried where they fell, St. Patrick remarking to the terrified congregation, "She'll lie quiet there till nine times nine of her name cross that stream; but when nine times nine of the name of Garrigan shall have crossed the stream, she'll rise up again, and devour all before her; and that's the way the world will be destroyed."

So the Garrigans of the County Cavan, not being willing to hasten the coming of the last day, are very particular not to cross the stream, and will either go by the new road to Moybolgue, or make a long détour to avoid it. Many funeral processions wind along the bleak road, and many devotees make pilgrimages to the moat, in order to pray at the stone on which St. Patrick knelt when he shot Honor Garrigan, and to touch the blessed water that miraculously fills the hollow made by his knee. All around the stone lie pins, offerings from invalids who come great distances to seek a cure. Headaches, blindness, ulcers, warts, and styes upon the eye are said to be cured by touching the part affected with the holy water, and as after each application the sufferer drops a pin, hundreds of pins now shine among the grass and mosses round the stone.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The selection of a suitable site for the World's Fair in 1883 is a matter of great importance, and has occupied the attention of the Executive Committee for some time past. The principal points which have been taken into consideration in examining the different sites suggested are healthfulness, adaptability of the ground to the desired use, accessibility, water-front, distance from the centre of New York city, and the cost. Among the numerous sites proposed the most important are Manhattan Square, Central Park, the East River Park, Harlem Flats, Morningside and Riverside parks, Washington Heights, Harlem site, Port Morris, Fleetwood Park, Inwood on the Hudson, Prospect Park. Several places generally considered less desirable than these have also been mentioned. No one of the proposed sites is free from *some* objection; at least three or four are malarious, and it is certainly of chief importance to avoid so serious a drawback as that would be in any location, however desirable otherwise; some of the other sites are too far from railways, or have no good water front, or are too expensive. The Committee on Sites appear to be giving the subject a thorough consideration, and it is to be hoped that the final selection will be such as to meet the approbation of a majority of thoughtful, candid citizens.

The Edinburgh Philosophical Institution recently gave a banquet in honor of James Russell Lowell, our ambassador to England. Lord Rosebery and other distinguished men were present.

Fog seems to be the greatest peril which attends navigation in Long Island Sound. Another large steamer has fallen a victim to it. On the morning of November 6, while a dense fog prevailed, the *Rhode Island*, of the Providence Line, went ashore at Bonnet Point, near Beaver Tail, Narragansett Bay. Whether there was neglect on the part of some light-house keeper, or whether signals were misunderstood, seems uncertain at this time. But the captain and officers of the steamer appear to have been faithfully performing their duties at the time of the disaster, and afterward their coolness and energetic courage resulted in the safe landing of every one on board. The steamer is a total wreck; but although that is a great misfortune, it is nothing compared with the horrible sacrifice of life which has attended some well-remembered disasters on the Sound.

It has been found necessary to employ a watchman to patrol the top of the obelisk during its slow journey to its place of destination, because curiosity hunters attempt to chip off pieces of the stone, and small boys want to ornament it with chalk hieroglyphics. This watchman is an Egyptian sailor, brought by Lieutenant-Commander Gorringe from Alexandria; and some mysterious stories about him are circulated among the workmen and others who surround the obelisk. One fanciful idea is that he was found sleeping at the base of the obelisk when it was lifted, having been put there by the Roman conqueror, and that he desired to come here and be buried again when the stone is set up in the Park.

The New Testament in Japanese has been introduced into the schools of Yokohama.

There was recently held in London a competition in drawings for Christmas and New-Year's cards. Over nine hundred designs were admitted, many of which are said to have been rather disappointing, because the subjects were commonplace, and but little varied from the designs of past years. America has now an opportunity to enter into good-natured rivalry with England, and see if she can not produce something both excellent and novel.

Smith College, at Northampton, Massachusetts, has established a school of music and a school of art. This institution for the higher education of young women has a very complete course extending through four years.

Mosquitoes, it seems, do not confine themselves to warm countries. Lieutenant Schwatka's party of explorers tell marvellous stories of the ferocity of these insects on the ice-bound coasts which they have visited. Their bite is very poisonous, and nothing will frighten them away, so great is their thirst for human blood.

The news of the opening of the Melbourne Exhibition reached London twenty-three minutes after the event took place. The telegram conveying the information contained sixty-nine words, and passed over 4238 miles of land cable and 9070 miles of submarine cable.

After a great deal of trouble, Temple Bar, that famous landmark in London, which not only obstructed common traffic, but had become dangerously unstable, was removed by the city authorities. But now they have erected a "Memorial" of Temple Bar on the identical site of the old obstruction, at a cost of £10,000 or more, and it was recently unveiled by Prince Leopold. Whether the "Memorial" will interfere with trade as much as the original Bar remains to be seen.

No less than 3039 immigrants were landed at Castle Garden on a single day not long ago. Numerous nationalities were represented; and in general the new-comers, though possessing meagre means, were robust and healthy. The whole number of immigrants who have arrived during the year, up to the 1st of November, is about 290,000.

An appeal is made by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children for cast-off clothing to keep warm the little unfortunates that come under their care.

Scientific men have been making all sorts of suggestions to prevent or remove the terrible fogs which envelop the city of London. The latest proposal is to blow away the fog by a great explosion of dynamite in some large open space, such as Hyde Park. The *Court Journal* says: "Any one who has had to live for months together in an atmosphere of the density and color of pea soup will forgive the apparent lunacy of this brilliant suggestion."

Mount Hamilton, the site selected for the Lick Astronomical Observatory, is an isolated peak of the inner Coast Range, and about 4250 feet high. The vapor arising from the ocean is ordinarily nearly 2000 feet below the summit of Mount Hamilton, and consequently does not obstruct observation at that point. A very thorough preliminary examination was made before this site was chosen, and it is generally believed that no better one can be found in the Coast Range.

Chrisman Hall, the new college for colored youth at Atlanta, Georgia, is already nearly filled with pupils.

The Indians of the great Territory of Alaska seem anxious to have missionaries and teachers live among them. One of the most efficient and successful laborers in that country is Mrs. A. R. McFarland, who has been teaching at Fort Wrangell for three years past. Last August she opened an Industrial Home for Girls, which promises to do much good. The various schools opened in Alaska are well attended. The one at Sitka, in charge of a Miss Austin, has over one hundred and thirty pupils, who are really making rapid progress in learning, considering how few external aids they have. Four blackboards, forty slates and pencils, and sixteen benches were all the apparatus the school contained. Yet they learned the alphabet and many short words with great quickness, and are ready to use books as soon as they can be obtained. At Fort Wrangell there is an organized church of thirty members.

The hanging gardens in the Palais Royal have become so troublesome to the merchants in the Orleans Gallery underneath that a change has been ordered. When first established there was but a small quantity of soil spread over the gallery, and a layer of lead between it and the masonry kept the moisture from going through. But now the accumulated soil has split the casing, and the rain makes its way through, to the great annoyance of those beneath. The trees and shrubs will be removed to the ordinary gardens, repairs made, and plants in vases arranged attractively on the terrace. The Palais Royal was built in 1629 by Richelieu, and the Orleans Gallery was probably added to it by the Duke of Orleans, brother of Louis XIV., in 1692. All the apartments of kings, queens, princes, and cardinals are now transformed into busy shops, restaurants, and warehouses.

Some curious "election bets" are on record, the payment of which was less amusing to the loser of the bet than to spectators or to the winner. A man in Memphis made a bet that if Garfield was elected he would stand on his head five minutes in a public square, with a Garfield banner suspended from his feet.—A combination bet was made by ten Democrats and ten Republicans in Houston, Texas. The losers were to harness themselves to a stage-coach, and draw the winners through the principal street. In both parties were some of the foremost men of the city.—A wheelbarrow bet in Baltimore afforded more amusement to the spectators than had been expected. The loser was annoyed, while wheeling the winner over the stipulated route, by the taunts of the latter, and followed up the payment of the wager by whipping him soundly.—A bet of three thousand dollars against a good farm of six hundred and forty acres was made by two Western politicians that New York State would give Garfield from one to five thousand Republican majority.—A man in Ogdensburg bet his mustache against another man's whiskers that Garfield would not be elected. The mustache was cut and sent to the winner on the morning after election.—A double practical joke was played in the offer of a wager that one city of over a hundred thousand inhabitants would not give five hundred votes for Hancock. The stake was a supper for the ward campaign club of the winner. The city named was Washington, where there is no voting for President at all. The victim said nothing, except to name the time and place for the supper. On that occasion the viands looked all right, and were just such as the written terms of the bet called for, but they were found to be seasoned with snuff and other unpalatable substances.

She had tried to keep aloof from the life of the two lovers; but this Madoline would not suffer.

"You are to be in all our amusements, and to hear all our plans, dear," she told her sister one day. "I never meant that you and I should be less together, or less dear to each other, because of Gerald's return. Do you think my heart is not big enough to hold you both?"

"I know it is, Lina. But I fancy Mr. Goring would like to have it all to himself, and would soon get to look upon me as an intruder, if I were too much with you. You had better leave me at home to amuse myself on the river, or to play ball with Goldie, who is more than a person as to sense and sensibility."

To this Madoline would not consent. Her love of her sister was so tempered with pity, so chastened and softened by her knowledge of the shadow that darkened the beginning of Daphne's life, that it was much deeper and stronger than the affection common among sisters. She wanted to make up to Daphne for all she had lost—for the cruel mother who had deserted her in her cradle, for the father's unjust resentment. And then there was the delightful idea that Edgar Turchill, that second best of men, whom she had rejected as a husband, would by-and-by be her brother; and that Daphne's future, sheltered and cherished by a good man's devoted love, would be as complete and perfect a life as the fairest and sweetest of women need desire to live. Madoline had quite made up her mind that Edgar was to marry Daphne. That he was passionately in love with her was obvious to the meanest capacity. Everybody at South Hill knew it, except perhaps Daphne herself. That she liked him with placid sisterly regard was equally clear. And who could doubt that time would ripen this sisterly regard into that warmer feeling which could alone recompense him for his devotion? Thus, against the girl's own better sense, it became an understood fact that Daphne was to be a third in all the lovers' amusements and occupations, and that Mr. Turchill was very frequently to make a fourth in the same. To Gerald Goring the presence of these two seemed in no wise obnoxious. Daphne's vivacity amused him, and he looked upon his old friend Turchill as a considerably inferior order of being, not altogether unamusing after his kind. He was not an exacting lover. He accepted his bliss as a settled thing; he knew that no rock on Cornwall's rugged coast was more securely based than his hold on Madoline's affection. He was troubled by no jealous doubts; his love knew no hot fits or cold fits, no quarrelling for the after-bliss of reconciliation. There was nothing of the *grata protervitas* in Madoline's gentle nature. Her well-balanced mind could not have stooped to coquetry.

August was drawing to its close. It had been a month of glorious weather, such halcyon days as made the farmer's occupation seem just the most delightful calling possible for man. There was not much arable land within ken of South Hill, but what corn fields there were promised abundant crops; and one of the magnates of the land, who in his dudgeon against a revolutionary tampering with the game-laws looming in the dim future, had rough-ploughed a thousand acres or so of his best land rather than let it under obnoxious conditions, may have thought regretfully of the corn that might have been reaped off those breezy uplands, in those fertile valleys, where at his bidding sprang cockle instead of barley. It was a month of holiday-making for everybody—for even the labor of the fields, looked at from the outside, seemed like holiday-making. Quiet little Stratford, flushed with spasmodic life by the arrival of a corps of artillery, tooted on trumpets, and daddy-mammyed on drums; while the horn of the Leamington coach blew lustily every morning and afternoon, and the fox-hound puppy at nurse at the Red Horse found the middle of the highway no longer a comfortable place for his after-dinner nap. It was the season of American tourists, doing Stratford and its environs, guide-book in hand, and crowding in to the inn parlor, after luncheon, to see the veritable chair in which Washington Irving used to sit.

There came a drowsy sunny noontide when the lovers had no particular employment for their day. They had been reduced to playing billiards directly after breakfast, until Gerald discovered that it was too hot for billiards, whereupon the four players—Lina, Daphne, Gerald, and Turchill—repaired to the garden in search of shade.

"Shade!" cried Daphne, indignantly. "Who wants shade? Who could ever have too much of Phœbus Apollo? Not I. We see too little of his godlike countenance, and I will never turn my back upon him."

She seated herself on the burned grass in the full blaze of the sun, while the other three sat in the shadow of an immense Spanish chestnut, which grew wide and low, making a leafy tent.

"This is a horrid idle way of spending one's day," said Daphne, jumping up with sudden impatience, after they had all sat for half an hour talking lazily of the weather and their neighbors. "Is there nothing for us to do?"

"Yes, you excitable young person," answered Gerald, "since your restless temper won't let us be comfortable here, we'll make you exert yourself elsewhere. The river is the only place where life can be tolerable upon such a day as this. The nicest thing would be to be in it. The next best thing, perhaps, is to be on it. You shall row us to Stratford weir, Miss Daphne."

"I should like it of all things. I am dying for something to do," responded Daphne, brightening. "You'll take an oar, won't you, Edgar?"

"Of course, if you'd really like to go. By-the-bye, suppose we improve the occasion by landing at Stratford, and walking Gerald over to Shottery to see Ann Hathaway's cottage?"

"Delicious!" cried Daphne. "It shall be a regular Shakspearean pilgrimage. We'll take tea and things, and have kettledrum in Mrs. Baker's house-place. She'll let me do what I like, I know. And Mr. Goring shall carry the basket, as a punishment for his hideous apathy. And we'll talk to him about Shakspeare's early life all the way."

"Shakspeare's life, forsooth!" cried Gerald, scornfully. "Who is there that knows anything about it? Half a dozen entries in a parish register; a few traditional sayings of Ben Jonson's; and a pack of sentimentalists—English and German—evolve out of their inner consciousness a sentimental biography. 'We may picture him as a youth going across the fields to Shottery: because it is the shortest way, and a man of his Titanic mind would naturally have taken it: yes, over the same meadows we tread this day—on the same ground, if not on the same grass.' Or again: 'Seeing that apostle-spoons were still in common use in the reign of Elizabeth, it may be fairly concluded that the immortal poet used one for his bread-and-treacle: for who shall affirm that he did not eat bread-and-treacle, that the inspired lad of the Stratford grammar school had not the same weaknesses and boyish affections as his schoolmates? Who would not love to possess Shakspeare's spoon, or to eat out of Shakspeare's porringer?' That is the kind of rot which clever men write about Shakspeare; and I think it is because I have been overdosed with such stuff that I have learned to detest the bard in his private character."

"You are a hardened infidel, and you shall certainly carry the basket."

"What, madam, would you degrade me to a hireling's office? 'Gregory, o' my word, we'll not carry coals.'"

"There, you see," cried Daphne, triumphantly, "you can't live without quoting him. He has interwoven himself with our daily speech."

"Because we are parrots, without ideas of our own," answered Gerald.

"Oh, I'm proud of belonging to the soil on which he was reared. I wish there were one drop of his blood in my veins. I envy Edgar because his remote ancestry claim kin with the Ardens. I almost wish I were a Turchill."

"That would be so easy to accomplish!" said Edgar, softly, blushing at his own audacity.

Daphne noticed neither his speech nor his confusion. She was all excitement at the idea of an adventurous afternoon, were it only a visit to the familiar cottage.

"Madoline dearest, may I order them to pack us a really nice tea?" she asked.

"Yes, dear, if we are all decided upon going."

"It seems to me that the whole thing has been decided for us," said Gerald, smiling indulgently at the vivacious face, radiant in the broad noonday light, the willowy figure in a white gown flecked and checkered with sunshine.

"You order me to row you down the Avon," said Daphne, "and I condemn you to a penitential walk to Shottery. You ought by rights to go barefoot, dressed in a white sheet; only I don't think it would become you."

"It might be too suggestive of the Turkish bath," said Gerald. "Well, I submit, and if needs be I'll carry the basket, provided you don't plague me too much about your poet."

"I move an amendment," interposed Edgar. "Sir Vernon is to take the chair at Warwick at the Yeomanry dinner, so Miss Lawford is off duty. Let us all go on to Hawksyard and dine with the old mother. It 'll delight her, and it won't be half bad fun for us. There'll be the harvest-moon to light you home, Madoline, and the drive will be very pleasant in the cool of the—"

"Cock-chafers," cried Gerald. "They are particularly cool at that hour—come banging against one's nose with ineffable assurance."

"Say you'll come, Lina," pleaded Edgar, "and I'll send one of Sir Vernon's stable-boys to Hawksyard on my horse with a line to the mater, if I may."

"I should enjoy it immensely—if Gerald likes, and if you are sure Mrs. Turchill would like to have us."

"I think I'd better be out of it. I'm not a favorite with Mrs. Turchill," said Daphne, bluntly.

"Oh, Daphne!" cried Turchill, ruefully.

"Oh, Edgar!" cried Daphne, mocking him. "Can you lay your hand upon your heart and declare, as an honest man, that your mother likes me?"

"Perhaps not quite so much as she will when she knows more of you," answers the squire of Hawksyard, as red as a turkey-cock. "The fact is, she so worships Madoline that you are a little thrown into the shade."

"Of course. How could any one who likes Madoline care about me? It isn't possible," retorted Daphne, with a somewhat bitter laugh. "If I were one of a boisterous brood of underbred girls I might have a chance of being considered just endurable; but as Lina's sister I am as the shadow to the sunlight; I am like the back of a beautiful picture—a square of dirty canvas—"

"If you are fishing for compliments you are wasting trouble," said Gerald. "It is not a day on which any man will rack his brains in the composition of pretty speeches."

"May I write the note? May I send the boy?" asked Edgar.

Lina looked at her lover, and finding him consentient, consented; whereupon Edgar hurried off, intensely pleased, to make his arrangements.

So far he had been disappointed in his hope of seeing Daphne a frequent guest at Hawksyard, the petted companion and plaything of his mother. He had made for himself an almost Arcadian picture: Daphne basking on the stone bench in the Baconian garden, amusing herself with the poultry, even milking a cow on occasion, and making junkets in the picturesque old dairy. He had fancied her up stairs, down stairs, and in my lady's chamber; unearthing all Mrs. Turchill's long-hoarded treasures of laces and ribbons, kept to be looked at rather than to be worn; sorting the house linen, which would have stocked a Swiss hotel, and which ran the risk of perishing by slow decay upon its shelves ere it was worn by usage. He had pictured her accepted as the daughter of the house; waking the solemn old echoes with her glad young voice; fondling his dogs; riding his hunters in the green lanes and across the level fields. She was pining to ride; but of the six horses at South Hill there was not one which Sir Vernon would allow her to mount.

The pleasant picture was as yet only a phantasm of the mind. Mrs. Turchill had not taken to Daphne. She was a good woman—truthful, honest, kind-hearted—but she had her prejudices, and was passing obstinate.

"I don't deny her prettiness," she said, when Edgar tried to convince her that not to admire Daphne was a fault in herself, "but she is not a girl that I could ever make a friend of."

"That's because you don't take the trouble to know her, mother. If you would ask her here oftener—"

"I hope I know my place, Edgar," said the mistress of the Grange, stiffly. "If Miss Daphne Lawford wishes to improve my acquaintance she knows where to find me."

But Daphne had taken no pains to secure to herself the advantage of Mrs. Turchill's friendship. There was no particular reason why she should go to Hawksyard; so, after one solemn afternoon call with Madoline, on which occasion they were received with chilling formality in the best drawing-room—an apartment with an eight-foot oak dado, deeply recessed mullion windows, and a state bedroom adjoining—Daphne went there no more. And now here was a splendid opportunity of making her at home in the dear old house, and of showing her all the surroundings which he loved and cherished.

"BEST OF MOTHERS" (he wrote),—"I am going to take you by storm this afternoon. We—Lina, Daphne, Mr. Goring, and I—are going to Shottery, and propose driving on to Hawksyard afterward. Get up the best dinner you can at so short a notice, and give us your warmest welcome. You had better put out plenty of Hirsch's Liebfraumilch, and a little dry Cham. for Goring. The girls drink only water. Let there be syllabubs and junkets, and everything pastoral. Don't ask any one to meet them," added Edgar, with a dread of having the local parson projected on his love-feast: "we want a jolly, free-and-easy evening. Dinner at eight.

"Your loving TED."

This brief epistle was handed to Mrs. Turchill just as she was sitting down to luncheon. Her first idea was to strike. Her son might have brought home half a dozen of his bachelor friends, and it would have been a pleasure to her to kill fatted calves and put out expensive wines. She would have racked her brain to produce an attractive menu, and taxed the resources of poultry-yard and dairy to the uttermost. But to be bidden to prepare a feast for Madoline, who had rejected her paragon son, for the rival who had supplanted him, and for Daphne, whom she most cordially disliked, was something too much. She sat at her simple meal bridling and murmuring to herself in subdued revolt. She was tempted to ring for Rebecca, and confide her wrongs to that sympathetic ear; but discretion and her very genuine love for her son prevailed, and instead of summoning Rebecca she sent for the cook, and announced the dinner party as if it were the fulfillment of a long-cherished desire.

Daphne ran down to the boat-house before the others had finished luncheon, and with Bink's assistance made her boat a picture of comfort. Gerald was excused from the burden of the basket, as that could be conveyed in the carriage which was to pick up the party at Shottery and take them on to Hawksyard. The old name of the boat had been erased forever by workman-like hands the day after Daphne's futile attempt to obliterate it. *Norah Creina* now appeared in fresh gilding above the deposed emperor.

"You ought not to have altered it," said Gerald. "There was something original in calling your boat after a blood-thirsty lunatic. *Norah Creina* is the essence of cockneyism."

"It was the boat-builder's suggestion," Daphne answered, indifferently. "What's in a name?"

"True! Your boat by any other name would go as fast."

Daphne had to wait some time by the water's edge before the other three came quietly strolling across the meadow. She had been sculling gently up and down under the willows while she waited.

"Now, then, Empress," said Gerald, when he had arranged Lina's shawls, and settled her comfortably in her place, "you are to sit beside your sister. Edgar and I will take an oar apiece, while you and Lina amuse us with your conversation."

This nickname of Empress was a reminiscence of Daphne's adventure in Fontainebleau Forest. It matched very well with her occasional imperiousness, and the association was known only to Gerald Goring and herself. It amused him when he was in a mischievous humor to call her by a name which she never heard without a blush.

"I thought I was to row you?" said Daphne.

"No, Empress; as it's all down stream, we of the sterner sex will relieve you of the duty. Besides, you could never row comfortably in that go-to-meeting get-up," said Gerald, looking critically at Daphne's straw-colored Indian silk, embroidered with scarlet poppies and amber wheat ears, and fluffy with soft lace about the neck and arms, and the Swiss milkmaid's hat with its wreath of corn-flowers.

"I could not wear a boating-dress, as we are to dine with Mrs. Turchill," said Daphne.

"You might have worn what you liked," protested Edgar, eagerly; "but you look so lovely in that yellow gown that I shall be pleased for my mother to see you in it. She is weak about gowns. I believe she has a wardrobe full of gorgeous attire which she and Rebecca review once a week, but which nobody ever wears."

"The gowns will do for the chair-covers of a future generation," said Gerald; "all the chair-covers in my mother's morning-room are made out of the court trains of her grandmothers and great-aunts. I believe a court mantle in those days consumed two yards and a half of stuff."

He had taken off his coat, and bared his arms to above the elbow.

"What a splendid stroke you pull, still, Goring!" said Edgar, admiringly, "and you have the wrist of a navvy."

"One of my paternal inheritances," answered Gerald, coolly; "you know my father was a navvy." At which frank speech everybody in the boat blushed except the speaker.

"He must have been a glorious fellow," faltered Edgar, after an awkward pause.

"Any man who can make a million of money, and keep it, without leaving speck or flaw upon his good name, must be a glorious fellow," answered Gerald, with more heartiness than was usual to him. "My father lived to do good to others as well as to himself, and went down to his grave honored and beloved. I wish I were more like him."

"That's the nicest thing I ever heard you say!" exclaimed Daphne.

"Praise from Sir Hubert Stanley"—murmured Gerald; "I am beginning to feel proud of myself."

They landed at the boat-builder's, below the bridge, hard by that decayed old inn which must have seen courtlier company than the wagoners and wayfarers who drink there now. Then they crossed Sir Hugh Clopton's granite bridge, and walked through the quiet town to the meadows that led to Shottery. It is but a mile from the town to the village, a mile of meadow pathway, every step of which is haunted by ghostly footsteps—the Sacred Way of English literature.

"It's no use telling me not to talk about him," cried Daphne, as she jumped lightly from the top of a stile, the ascent whereof tested the capacity of a fashionable frock: "I can not tread this ground without thinking of him. I am positively bursting with the idea of him."

"Which is the he whose image pursues you?" asked Gerald, with that languid upward twitch of his dark brows which gracefully expressed a mild drawing-room cynicism. "Do these fields suggest grave thoughts about tenant right, or game-laws, or the land question generally? Is it Beaconsfield or Gladstone whose eidolon pursues you?"

"Please don't be disgusting," cried Daphne. "CAN one think of anybody in these meadows except—"

"The inevitable William. A man does not live near Stratford with impunity. He must be dosed. Well, child, what are you bursting to say?"

"I have been thinking what a happiness it is to know that the dear creature travelled so little," responded Daphne; "and that when he talks of Bohemia, or France, or Germany, Rome, Verona, Elsinore, or Inverness—"

"Somebody wrote a treatise an inch thick to show that Shakspeare may have gone to Scotland with the king's players; but I fancy he left his case as hypothetical as he found it," interjected Gerald.

"Whether he talks of Athens—or Africa—he really means Warwickshire," pursued Daphne. "It is his own native county that is always present to his mind. Florizel and Perdita make love in our meadows. There is the catalogue of flowers just as they bloom to-day. And Rosalind's cottage was in a lane near the few old oaks which still remain to show where Arden Forest once stood. And poor Ophelia drowned herself in one of the backwaters of our Avon. I can show you the very willow growing aslant the brook."

"A backwater isn't a brook," murmured Edgar, mildly.

"I allow that local color is not our William's strong point," answered Gerald. "Not being a traveller, he would have done better had he never ventured beyond the limits of his Warwickshire experience; for in that case he would not have imagined lions in the streets of Rome, or a sea-coast in Bohemia."

"Wait till you write a play or a novel," retorted Daphne, "and you'll find you'll have to adapt yourself to circumstances."

"That's exactly what your divine bard did not do. He adapted circumstances to suit his plays."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FRENCH FARMERS.

A VERY common type of farmer in France is the man who has received what we should call the education of a gentleman; that is to say, that he has been brought up at a first-rate public school, and has afterward learned farming scientifically at the Agricultural College of Grignon. Such a man is precious in the wine-growing districts, where new experiments have constantly to be tried to combat the phylloxera, and to improve the quality of the vine soil. A wealthy vine-grower will pay a fine salary to a farmer capable of adding to the renown of his vintage, and it stands to reason that the farmer almost always ends by setting up for himself, when he marries a wife who brings him a *dot*. Another pretty common type of the French farmer is the one who has been obliged to sell off lands of his own through pecuniary stress, but who continues to occupy his old dwelling, and farms the land that was once his for its new owners. This man is not likely to be very ambitious; failure has made him wise, and he is inclined to think that his lot as a farmer is, on the whole, preferable to his former condition as a starveling peasant proprietor. For one thing, he has given up all idea of amass-

ing money for his children. A large family springs up round him, but he has made up his mind that they shall shift for themselves, and what money he can make he spends on himself. Just for luck's sake he keeps a hundred dollars or so invested in some municipal loan having *tirages à primes*, which give him a chance of winning a *gros lot* of 100,000 francs; and possibly one bright morning he ends by winning this *gros lot*, or an equivalent prize in a lottery, which enables him to laugh for the remainder of his days at the more parsimonious race of farmers who pinch and screw all their lives long.

Generally speaking, the French farmer is not a jolly soul. Whether he be a man of education or not, he settles down into a grub sort of life, faring frugally on soup and the thinnest of ordinary red wine or cider. The stock of his soup is bacon, and he eats butcher's-meat only twice a week; that is, on Sunday and market-day. When he attends market he makes a succulent *déjeuner*, and drinks a good deal of beer afterward at the café. This is his only cheerful time; at ordinary seasons he is morose, troubled about the weather, the conscription which is going to take his son into the army, and about politics, of which he understands just enough to be in constant dread of revolutions. He is a conservative; that is to say that he upholds the government of the day, whatever it is, for fear of anarchy; but no government is popular with him, for every administration finds it necessary to lay on new taxes. Taking him all round, however, the French farmer ought to be more contented than his English brother, for he has a much less inclement climate to contend with. A bad harvest is not a common thing in France, and a succession of bad harvests never occurs. It is lucky for the French farmer that this is so, for there are few French landlords who would be in a position to remit any part of a year's rent after a bad harvest. The rule in France is that farmers' rent must be paid as punctually as lodgers' rent. If it be not paid, ejection is resorted to at once, and nobody thinks of looking upon the tenant as an ill-used man.

IRISH SUPERSTITIONS.

The Glens of Banagher are visited by all tourists who explore the County Londonderry as far as Dungiven. Stretching up a gentle hill, they are seen from some distance; the natural wood that clothes them grows more stunted as it ascends. Each of the five wooded glens resembles the Dargle in miniature. We saw them first in autumn, when the river was swollen by late rains, and the birch and hazel boughs that dipped into it were turning yellow and crimson.

We followed the course of the river through the centre glen, from which the others branch off; and now slipping upon stones covered with wet moss, now up to the knees in fern, we reached a deep dark pool surrounded by rocks twenty feet in height, in whose crevices the hardy mountain ash had found footing. It was a gloomy spot, even though rich clusters of scarlet berries, mingled with yellow leaves, drooped over the water.

We had been told that a saint lay buried in the old grave-yard near the entrance to the glens, and that the sand from his grave had valuable properties if received from the hand of a man named Heany, supposed to be a lineal descendant from the saint. Here, then, were marvels grouped together that might reward inquiry, and we resolved to prosecute research.

"Is it ould ancient stories you want, miss?" said a woman who was herding her cow in the glens. "Weel, then, Jamie Roe is the man can tell you all about Lig-na-paisthe, an' the beast that's confined in it; an' about the Banagher sand, too. He's upwards of a hundred years of age, and it jist beats all what he minds."

Acting upon her advice, we went to visit Jamie Roe, a little old man, quite blind, who from his appearance might well be a century old. His daughter, a middle-aged woman, was his sole companion. She thanked us for the honor we did him, and said a great many people came to see her father because of his great age, but it was not often he had a visit from a lady.

"Is it the story of St. Murtogh O'Heany you wish to hear?" asked he. "Weel, miss, there's nane livin' could tell it better nor me. There was a big serpent lived in them glens fornenst us, an' he was devouring all before him, an' if he had got eating on, he'd ha' destroyed the whole world. The good St. Murtogh O'Heany was in the world then, and he was heart sorry for the poor people. He was walking near the glens one day, an' the serpent was lying on the side o' the brae yonder, an' he went too close to him, an' was nearly sucked in by his breath. Then St. O'Heany prayed to the Lord, an' axed Him to let him bind the serpent wi' three green rushes. His prayer was heard, an' he got power to bind him wi' the rushes. He prayed again that the green rushes might be turned into three iron bands, an' that prayer was granted too. Next he axed the Lord to make the serpent as light as a blind man's ball, that he might be able to put him on his stick an' carry him to Lig-na-paisthe. Weel, miss, it happened so. The serpent grew light, an' he carried him to the pool that we call Lig-na-paisthe (that manes the hole o' the beast), an' throwed him in, an' there he's lyin' bound wi' the three iron bands till the resurrection day. The saint gave him the half of all diseases, an' the half of the fish that comes down the river for his meat. If you throw anything into the pool, it 'ill come up the first time an' the second, but it 'ill be devoured the third time."

"Did you ever see anything thrown in?"

"Troth did I. There was a gentleman went to Lig-na-paisthe one day, an' he was mocking an' sayin' he did na believe there was ever a serpent in it, an' them that was wi' him dared him to throw his dog in. He throwed him in onst, an' he came up; an' twice, an' he came up; an' then the gentleman laughed, an' says he, 'Where's your serpent now?' 'Try again,' says the others, an' he throwed the dog in again, an' his heart an' liver was all that come up."

"What diseases can be cured there?"

"All kinds of sores, an' wounds, an' crippled limbs, an' fevers. The people comes from all parts to it. It's as great a place as Lough Derg, an' I ha' known them come frae Belfast to it."

"Now tell something about the Banagher sand. Is it true that the saint is buried in the old church-yard, and that the sand from his grave has certain virtues, but only when it is lifted by a man called Heany?"

"Quite true—as true as the Gospel. The race of people called Heany can give the sand, an' there's aye ane o' them livin' convenient to the ould church for that purpose."

"Who gives it at present?"

"I'm the man."

"You? Why I heard that your name was James Roe!"

"Ay, miss," interposed the daughter; "it's 'Roe' he still gets called, because his hair used to be red; but Heany is his own name. He's descended from the saint, an' as he was sayin', nane but a man o' the name o' Heany has power to lift the sand."

"Well, I had no idea that I had come to the real Heany who gives the sand."

"He'll lift nae mair o't," said his daughter, sorrowfully, "for he's quite dark now."

"Will you have to lift it instead of him?"

"Oh no, not while there's a man body o' the name. There's a brother o' mine that 'ill do it. The people comes frae Cookstown an' Draperstown an' Belfast to get it out o' my father's ane hand."

"What is it good for?"

"If you cross the seas wi' a pinch o' the sand, you'll no be drowned; an' the house 'ill never be burned that has some o' the sand in it. If twa girls likes the same young man, the ane that has the sand need only throw a wee dust o't on the other girl, an' the sweetheart 'ill never look at her again. If a man was attacked, he'd only ha' to throw sand on his adversary, an' he'd fly; an' if there was twa men racing horses, ane that had the sand to be throw a whean grains on the other horse, an' his ain horse 'ud win. Then, miss, it's good for keepin' witches an' warlocks away. A bag o' sand wi' a twig o' rowan in it s'uld be hung round the cows' necks, an' divil a fear that they'll be elf-shot; an' if nice wee childer had it on them, feen a ane o' them wad be overlooked. The sand has got power, if anybody 'ud throw a dust o't at you, you'd be quite weak in a minute."

"Dinna forget the diaouls, Sally!" cried the old man, who had been listening to his daughter's explanations with much interest. "Dinna forget the diaouls."

"What does he mean?"

"Why, miss, I ha' seen him doing it twenty times. He'd make a circle o' the sand on the floor in the name o' the blessed Trinity, an' put three diaouls inside it, an' they couldna get crossing the sand—they'd die first."

"That is indeed very strange. Do not people curse the diaoul"—the cock-tailed beetle, called the devil's coach-horse in parts of England—"because he is said to have shown Christ's enemies the way He had gone?"

"Dear! dear! do you know that? Father, isn't this lady knowledgeable? Ay, miss, you're in the right. When the Jews was searching for our Saviour to take Him, they should ha' axed the men working on the roads where He had gone, an' they wouldna tell; but an army of diaouls all turned up their tails to show the way; an' it's allowed to be a gude thing to kill them. If you kill a diaoul you'll be forgiven seven sins. Father, you be to gie this lady some o' the sand."

"I hope she's no mocking, Sally."

"No, no, father, the lady's too gude to mock. Wad you wish for some, miss?"

"If you please; I shall be much obliged for some."

Sally climbed upon a stool, and put her hand into a dark recess above the chimney. She was busy at the window for a few minutes, and then she came forward with a packet of sand carefully tied up in the leaf of a national-school copy-book. "But you be to gie it to her out o' your ain hand, father."

"Ay," said the old man, gravely; "where is her hand?"

He took my hand in both his own, pressed the packet into it, and, very much to my consternation, said, in a voice trembling with real emotion, "In the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, may this keep you from danger, an' bring you gude luck! amen." We had not been prepared for the little religious ceremony, which he evidently regarded in a very solemn light. We soon after got up to take leave, and my companion, who had listened silently to my pursuit of information, produced a paper of tea from her pocket, and presented it to Sally, saying, "I hope your father likes a cup of good tea?"

"Sure it isna in payment for the sand, my lady?" asked Jamie Roe, anxiously; "for I darena tak' payment for that."

My friend hastened to remind him that we had not even known that his name was Heany, or that he had anything to do with the sand, when we came to visit him; and having dissipated his scruples, we took leave.

As Lig-na-paisthe is associated with a name which is held in honor throughout the entire district, so is another sacred place—the Moat of Moybolgue, in the County Cavan—associated with a name, but a name to this day regarded with horror.

The Moat of Moybolgue is a large grassy mound with level crown, something like the Danish forts so common all over Ireland. It lies a few hundred yards distant from a ruined church in an ancient burying-ground, and commands an extensive view of a bleak country with little plantation and many hills and little lakes. A mountain stream flows straight across the old country road that leads to the church, and a few rude stepping-stones serve instead of a bridge.

But this bleak, externally uninteresting spot is so sacred, that crowds of votaries ascend the hill, either to lay a friend to rest in the church-yard, or to pray upon the moat.

Honor Garrigan, the wretched woman whose name is associated with the moat, is said to have lived in the days of St. Patrick, and one Sunday morning she rode behind her servant up the hill to church, to receive the holy communion from the saint's hand. As they rode along she saw a bunch of ripe blackberries in the hedge, and ordered her servant to stop and let her get off the horse that she might pick them.

"For shame!" remonstrated the poor boy; "for shame! Don't be lookin' at them, for surely you wouldn't break your fast, an' you going forward to receive the blessed communion."

But Honor Garrigan would not listen to his pious warning. She jumped down, and picked and ate the blackberries, and then her hunger grew and grew, and she ate the boy, and then the horse. The congregation, pouring out of church, saw the horrible sight, called to St. Patrick to save them, and cried out with one voice, "She has destroyed the boy an' the horse, an' she's coming on to destroy us too!" St. Patrick was only just in time. As she was rushing at the people to devour them, he ran to the moat, and kneeling down upon it, took aim at Honor Garrigan with his bow and arrow, and shot her dead. She flew into four quarters, which fell in the four corners of the field outside the church-yard, and were buried where they fell, St. Patrick remarking to the terrified congregation, "She'll lie quiet there till nine times nine of her name cross that stream; but when nine times nine of the name of Garrigan shall have crossed the stream, she'll rise up again, and devour all before her; and that's the way the world will be destroyed."

So the Garrigans of the County Cavan, not being willing to hasten the coming of the last day, are very particular not to cross the stream, and will either go by the new road to Moybolgue, or make a long détour to avoid it. Many funeral processions wind along the bleak road, and many devotees make pilgrimages to the moat, in order to pray at the stone on which St. Patrick knelt when he shot Honor Garrigan, and to touch the blessed water that miraculously fills the hollow made by his knee. All around the stone lie pins, offerings from invalids who come great distances to seek a cure. Headaches, blindness, ulcers, warts, and styes upon the eye are said to be cured by touching the part affected with the holy water, and as after each application the sufferer drops a pin, hundreds of pins now shine among the grass and mosses round the stone.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The selection of a suitable site for the World's Fair in 1883 is a matter of great importance, and has occupied the attention of the Executive Committee for some time past. The principal points which have been taken into consideration in examining the different sites suggested are healthfulness, adaptability of the ground to the desired use, accessibility, water-front, distance from the centre of New York city, and the cost. Among the numerous sites proposed the most important are Manhattan Square, Central Park, the East River Park, Harlem Flats, Morningside and Riverside parks, Washington Heights, Harlem site, Port Morris, Fleetwood Park, Inwood on the Hudson, Prospect Park. Several places generally considered less desirable than these have also been mentioned. No one of the proposed sites is free from *some* objection; at least three or four are malarious, and it is certainly of chief importance to avoid so serious a drawback as that would be in any location, however desirable otherwise; some of the other sites are too far from railways, or have no good water front, or are too expensive. The Committee on Sites appear to be giving the subject a thorough consideration, and it is to be hoped that the final selection will be such as to meet the approbation of a majority of thoughtful, candid citizens.

The Edinburgh Philosophical Institution recently gave a banquet in honor of James Russell Lowell, our ambassador to England. Lord Rosebery and other distinguished men were present.

Fog seems to be the greatest peril which attends navigation in Long Island Sound. Another large steamer has fallen a victim to it. On the morning of November 6, while a dense fog prevailed, the *Rhode Island*, of the Providence Line, went ashore at Bonnet Point, near Beaver Tail, Narragansett Bay. Whether there was neglect on the part of some light-house keeper, or whether signals were misunderstood, seems uncertain at this time. But the captain and officers of the steamer appear to have been faithfully performing their duties at the time of the disaster, and afterward their coolness and energetic courage resulted in the safe landing of every one on board. The steamer is a total wreck; but although that is a great misfortune, it is nothing compared with the horrible sacrifice of life which has attended some well-remembered disasters on the Sound.

It has been found necessary to employ a watchman to patrol the top of the obelisk during its slow journey to its place of destination, because curiosity hunters attempt to chip off pieces of the stone, and small boys want to ornament it with chalk hieroglyphics. This watchman is an Egyptian sailor, brought by Lieutenant-Commander Gorringe from Alexandria; and some mysterious stories about him are circulated among the workmen and others who surround the obelisk. One fanciful idea is that he was found sleeping at the base of the obelisk when it was lifted, having been put there by the Roman conqueror, and that he desired to come here and be buried again when the stone is set up in the Park.

The New Testament in Japanese has been introduced into the schools of Yokohama.

There was recently held in London a competition in drawings for Christmas and New-Year's cards. Over nine hundred designs were admitted, many of which are said to have been rather disappointing, because the subjects were commonplace, and but little varied from the designs of past years. America has now an opportunity to enter into good-natured rivalry with England, and see if she can not produce something both excellent and novel.

Smith College, at Northampton, Massachusetts, has established a school of music and a school of art. This institution for the higher education of young women has a very complete course extending through four years.

Mosquitoes, it seems, do not confine themselves to warm countries. Lieutenant Schwatka's party of explorers tell marvellous stories of the ferocity of these insects on the ice-bound coasts which they have visited. Their bite is very poisonous, and nothing will frighten them away, so great is their thirst for human blood.

The news of the opening of the Melbourne Exhibition reached London twenty-three minutes after the event took place. The telegram conveying the information contained sixty-nine words, and passed over 4288 miles of land cable and 9070 miles of submarine cable.

After a great deal of trouble, Temple Bar, that famous landmark in London, which not only obstructed common traffic, but had become dangerously unstable, was removed by the city authorities. But now they have erected a "Memorial" of Temple Bar on the identical site of the old obstruction, at a cost of £10,000 or more, and it was recently unveiled by Prince Leopold. Whether the "Memorial" will interfere with trade as much as the original Bar remains to be seen.

No less than 3039 immigrants were landed at Castle Garden on a single day not long ago. Numerous nationalities were represented; and in general the newcomers, though possessing meagre means, were robust and healthy. The whole number of immigrants who have arrived during the year, up to the 1st of November, is about 290,000.

An appeal is made by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children for cast-off clothing to keep warm the little unfortunates that come under their care.

Scientific men have been making all sorts of suggestions to prevent or remove the terrible fogs which envelop the city of London. The latest proposal is to blow away the fog by a great explosion of dynamite in some large open space, such as Hyde Park. The *Court Journal* says: "Any one who has had to live for months together in an atmosphere of the density and color of pea soup will forgive the apparent lunacy of this brilliant suggestion."

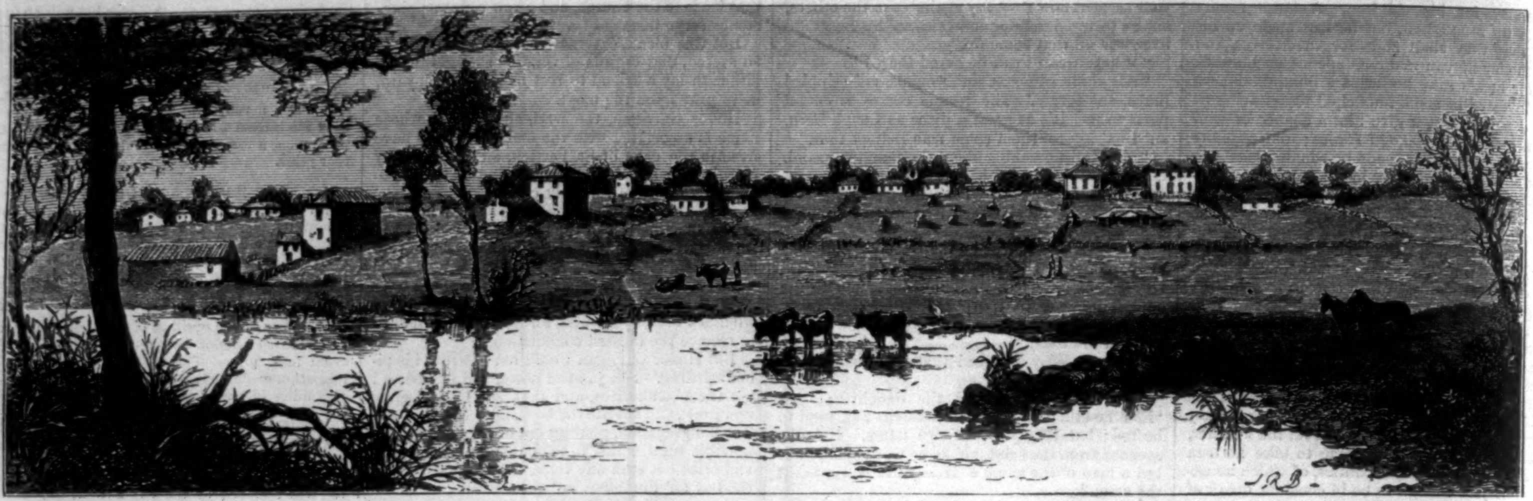
Mount Hamilton, the site selected for the Lick Astronomical Observatory, is an isolated peak of the inner Coast Range, and about 4250 feet high. The vapor arising from the ocean is ordinarily nearly 2000 feet below the summit of Mount Hamilton, and consequently does not obstruct observation at that point. A very thorough preliminary examination was made before this site was chosen, and it is generally believed that no better one can be found in the Coast Range.

Chrisman Hall, the new college for colored youth at Atlanta, Georgia, is already nearly filled with pupils.

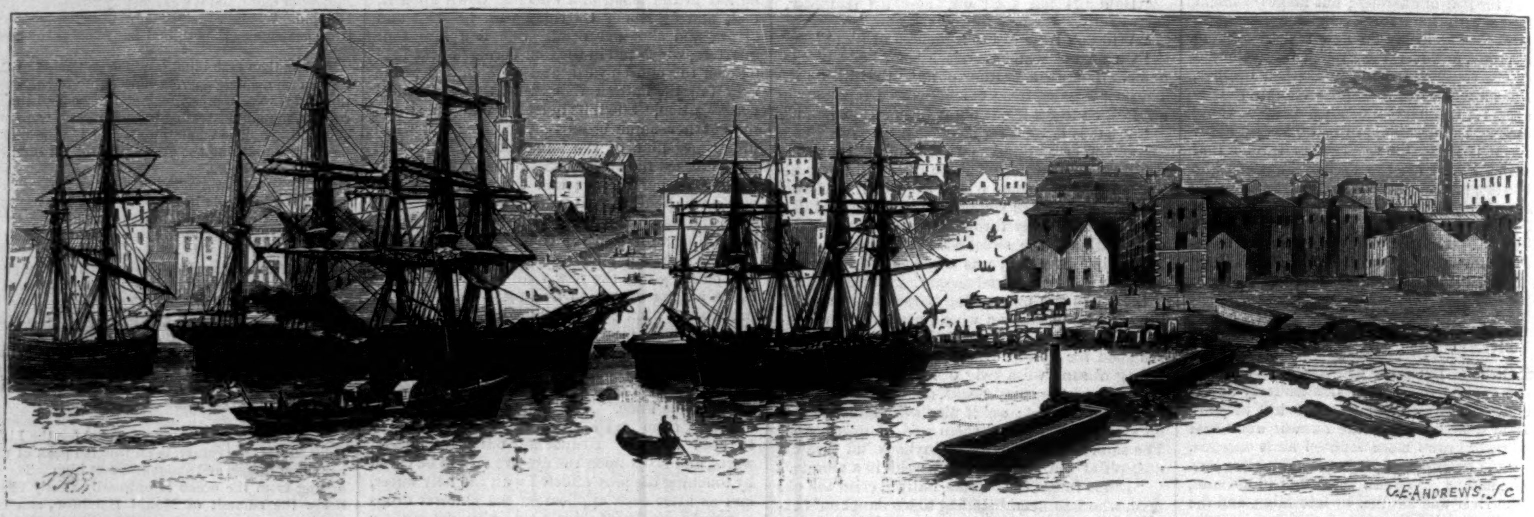
The Indians of the great Territory of Alaska seem anxious to have missionaries and teachers live among them. One of the most efficient and successful laborers in that country is Mrs. A. R. McFarland, who has been teaching at Fort Wrangell for three years past. Last August she opened an Industrial Home for Girls, which promises to do much good. The various schools opened in Alaska are well attended. The one at Sitka, in charge of a Miss Austin, has over one hundred and thirty pupils, who are really making rapid progress in learning, considering how few external aids they have. Four blackboards, forty slates and pencils, and sixteen benches were all the apparatus the school contained. Yet they learned the alphabet and many short words with great quickness, and are ready to use books as soon as they can be obtained. At Fort Wrangell there is an organized church of thirty members.

The hanging gardens in the Palais Royal have become so troublesome to the merchants in the Orleans Gallery underneath that a change has been ordered. When first established there was but a small quantity of soil spread over the gallery, and a layer of lead between it and the masonry kept the moisture from going through. But now the accumulated soil has split the casing, and the rain makes its way through, to the great annoyance of those beneath. The trees and shrubs will be removed to the ordinary gardens, repairs made, and plants in vases arranged attractively on the terrace. The Palais Royal was built in 1629 by Richelieu, and the Orleans Gallery was probably added to it by the Duke of Orleans, brother of Louis XIV., in 1692. All the apartments of kings, queens, princes, and cardinals are now transformed into busy shops, restaurants, and warehouses.

Some curious "election bets" are on record, the payment of which was less amusing to the loser of the bet than to spectators or to the winner. A man in Memphis made a bet that if Garfield was elected he would stand on his head five minutes in a public square, with a Garfield banner suspended from his feet.—A combination bet was made by ten Democrats and ten Republicans in Houston, Texas. The losers were to harness themselves to a stage-coach, and draw the winners through the principal street. In both parties were some of the foremost men of the city.—A wheelbarrow bet in Baltimore afforded more amusement to the spectators than had been expected. The loser was annoyed, while wheeling the winner over the stipulated route, by the taunts of the latter, and followed up the payment of the wager by whipping him soundly.—A bet of three thousand dollars against a good farm of six hundred and forty acres was made by two Western politicians that New York State would give Garfield from one to five thousand Republican majority.—A man in Ogdensburg bet his mustache against another man's whiskers that Garfield would not be elected. The mustache was cut and sent to the winner on the morning after election.—A double practical joke was played in the offer of a wager that one city of over a hundred thousand inhabitants would not give five hundred votes for Hancock. The stake was a supper for the ward campaign club of the winner. The city named was Washington, where there is no voting for President at all. The victim said nothing, except to name the time and place for the supper. On that occasion the viands looked all right, and were just such as the written terms of the bet called for, but they were found to be seasoned with snuff and other unpalatable substances.



MELBOURNE, FROM A SKETCH MADE IN 1838.



MELBOURNE, FROM A SKETCH MADE IN 1855.

MELBOURNE AT THE PRESENT TIME—VIEW IN GREAT BOURKE STREET.

THE GROWTH OF AN AUSTRALIAN CITY.

AN AUSTRALIAN CITY.

THE growth of the city of Melbourne, in Southeast Australia, rivals some of our Western cities in rapidity and solid prosperity. In 1837 the region around the mouth of the Yarra-Yarra River, where Melbourne is situated, was still inhabited by savages. The rich grazing grounds attracted the notice of English settlers, and a scattering village soon sprang up, presenting the aspect of one of our own border towns. The first of our engravings shows how it looked in 1838. Its progress was slow; but in 1851 the discovery of gold in the colony gave an extraordinary impetus to its growth. Four years later it had attained considerable importance as a shipping port; and at the present day it controls nine-tenths of the trade of the colony.

Melbourne lies about eight miles from the mouth of the Yarra-Yarra. Two bars, one at the outlet of the river and one about half way thence to the city, compel the largest shipping to anchor at Hobson's Bay, near the entrance to the harbor, connected with the city by railway. The city, which is handsomely and substantially built, is chiefly laid out on the right bank of the river, which is crossed by a stone bridge. It possesses a Parliament-house, erected at a cost of £400,000, a well-endowed University, with a Museum attached, a Hospital, various benevolent institutions, Custom-house, Treasury, and other public buildings, and several daily and weekly newspapers. It is also well supplied with water from the head of the river Plenty, a distance of about eighteen miles, and from other sources. Melbourne is connected by rail, steam, and telegraph with the chief towns of Victoria and the adjoining colonies, and with Tasmania by submarine cable. It has undoubtedly a great and prosperous future before it.

One of the leading avenues of Melbourne is Great Bourke Street, which rivals our New York Broadway in bustle and animation. Ten years ago the houses in this street were very irregular, splendid five-story buildings being elbowed by wooden shanties. Time has changed all this, as our engraving shows. The shanties have given place to elegant structures, and strangers visiting the city for the first time would find little to remind them of its newness. An American might be surprised to see Chinamen riding in coaches of American manufacture, and driven by Americans. Some years ago nearly all the Australian coaches were driven by Americans who had gained their experience on our Western plains, and were unrivalled whips in a rough country.

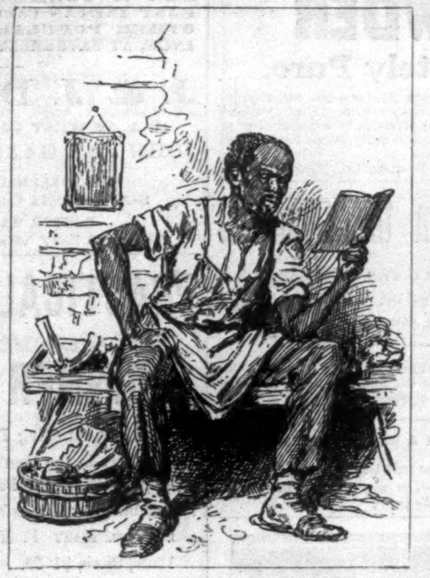
Melbourne has also its Chinese quarter. It consists simply of half of a long narrow street—Little Bourke Street, originally built as a back alley to the larger houses—and swarms with human beings. Mongolian humanity lives there as in a rabbit-warren. The houses are many, small, and crushed together. The majority of them are but wooden sheds, intersected by a multitude of partitions. Getting into this Chinese quarter by diving down a small alley and turning to the back of the Theatre Royal, the visitor finds himself opposite to a dark archway, lighted only by a grim and rusty lamp. Overhead is darkness; underfoot are cabbage stalks, mud, open gutters, and all uncleanness. A badly hung door in the side wall goes into a narrow room. The air reeks with the pungent odor of opium smoke, dried fish, and gunny bags. Mongolia is smoking out of the usual steel pipe-bowls by the medium of bamboo, and is drawing its tickets.

INSIDE SOUTHERN CABINS.

III.—CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.

THE Charleston negroes are the aristocracy—so far as I have seen—of their race. They copy the whites, and that very fairly, in courtesy, hospitality, and especially in that air of "we are the cream of humanity" which the white Charlestonian is sure to inform you is the case, if he or she thinks you have failed to make the discovery for yourself.

The division between the rich and poor negroes is far more decided here than in any other place I visited. The colored upper-ten include a great number who have never been slaves; and the majority are of very light color—indeed, all but white. This social division line is, however, a slight one compared with the *color line*, which among Charleston negroes is of the most intense and prejudiced character. In talking with the wife of a white Northern minister, pastor of a colored church there, she told me that several of her husband's light — or, as they prefer being called, "bright" — members called upon her, and requested that she would not be so familiar with the black members of the congregation. "There is no necessity for you to shake hands with them when you meet them on the street," was the monition given her. In the colored boarding-schools the "bright" girls make indignant protests against occupying the same room with the black girls. This color line I found to exist both in Georgia and Alabama, but in a much less pronounced way. Still, there is undoubtedly among very light colored people a persuasion of their superiority; yet, singularly enough, this feeling is generally blended with an intense dislike to white people.



THE GOOD BROTHER.

One of the most prominent traits of negro character here is their readiness to adopt children. It is almost impossible to find a home in which there are not one, two, or more adopted children. Perhaps a neighbor dies, leaving three or four little ones. Some nursing woman instantly claims the baby, "because she can 'tend best to it," and the rest are taken readily by others on equally satisfactory grounds, and I believe they receive just as much love and care from the adopting mother as they did from their own; at any rate, I never saw any difference in the treatment of natural and of adopted children—both were made equally welcome to the ragged bed and the corn-dodger, even in the poorest house.

The universality of this custom implies that negro women still regard their interest and right in their children as paramount, the father's being really as small as it was in the days of slavery, for I never once heard of a father objecting to this partition of his family.

They have also another custom that savors strongly of slavery—that of *giving* children away. A mother, when her eldest daughter marries, will frequently give her as a wedding present a younger brother or sister, and this gift is as complete and real as a sale was twenty years ago. The child given belongs to the daughter, to the sister, or friend, as absolutely as if it was an inanimate object, and henceforward transfers its regard and obedience solely to its new protector, looking entirely to him or her for food, clothing, and education. This ownership of brothers, sisters, nephews, and nieces is one of the most significant remnants of slavery. I saw it in South Carolina, Georgia, and Alabama, and was told that it existed all over the South.

The affection between brothers and sisters is often a singularly tender one, and in Charleston many beautiful instances of it came under my notice; one especially of a young man who worked almost night and day at his trade—shoemaking—in order to give his sister a fine education, he himself spelling out, while at his work-bench, such lessons as with her help he was able to manage.

I doubt if it would be possible to find a colored home in Charleston in which Solomon's little remark about sparing the rod and spoiling the child is not practically illustrated by the most unmerciful use of the strap, or "lash," as they call it, and oftener, I fear, to the spoiling than the saving of the child. This is the more remarkable because many of these mothers must retain a very lively memory of their own floggings; and even the younger ones, born after emancipation, have all listened to the stories of the old uncles and aunties, and sympathetically shared their sufferings.

For here, as in Georgia, every little cabin shelters some gray-headed man or woman "who ain't got no folks to care for them." They have a corner for their chest and comforters, and not only share the coffee, corn-bread, and bacon, but are also, in some way or other, supplied with their beloved tobacco or snuff.

In Charleston there are many beautiful residences owned by colored men, and I shall always remember with pleasure my entertainment by Mr. Hall, a prominent colored cotton merchant, who owns a fine house on Rutledge Street. It is surrounded by a lovely flower garden, and handsomely and appropriately furnished throughout. No dining-room could have been better appointed; the silver, the china, the cooking, were all in the best taste and of the most perfect quality; the servants were dressed in clean white linen suits.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Hall had been slaves, and have educated themselves since they were set free. They talked intelligently and grammatically of the events commented on in the newspapers, and were people whose sympathies stretched out to all suffering wrong or oppression, no matter what their creed or nationality. Still, I noticed that the majority of his books referred to his own race and to slavery. They had no children, but, following the usual custom, had adopted three, and were educating them for useful and honorable lives.

Among the higher class of Charleston negroes the fashion of wearing mourning for deceased friends is carried to such a ridiculous pitch that I wonder it has not caused its entire disregard among white people. For the death of relatives of the most remote consanguinity, for infants which have scarcely breathed, they assume the deepest trappings of woe; and even babies may frequently be seen dressed in black. That they have never seen these relatives, or that they have been in life on the very worst terms with them, does not alter the conditions. As soon as they are dead, they are deemed worthy of the longest crape veil that can be procured.

Turning from the higher class of Charleston negroes to the laborers, one stands appalled before the mass of poverty, ignorance, and superstition that is apparent on all sides. From most of the streets in Charleston lanes and alleys branch off, and these lead into courts full of vice and misery—places which almost any one who had no knowledge of negro character would refuse to enter.

But push open the doors, and in every cabin you will find a welcome. The best chair or soap box will be carefully wiped off for you. Everywhere black babies, dogs, cats, and dirt are so mixed up that it is impossible to say which is the dirtiest. Everywhere you hear the same pitiful story of hard work, miserable pay, high rents, hunger, nakedness, and sickness.

The women, as a rule, are ragged and dirty, and rarely seen without the snuff-stick in their mouths. Their language is coarse and brutal, and the most trifling offenses will elicit terrible threats—not in anger, but just from habit. I have often been interrupted in the middle of a chapter by, "I'll stomp the life out ob you, you little debbil, ef you don't git that water on," and then in the same breath, "Go on, miss; that's a powerful good chapter." The woman had not the slightest intention of "stomping the life" out of any one; it was only her way of telling her child to put the kettle on.

These very women are probably members of some colored church, and can pray in the most intense language for the conversion of their "dear partners," as they call their husbands, and their "beloved children." Yet I don't remember ever hearing a single word of love or praise given to a child, no matter how well it had done its task; and when I asked a woman why they refused such encouragement to their children, she answered, "Lord, chile! you ken't praise niggers; ef you do, they git the big head so bad that heaven ken't hold 'em."

The immorality of this class is a common subject of remark, and I have frequently had it pointed out to me as a complete settlement of the negro question. "What can possibly be done for such men and women?" is asked. I think the answer is very easy. Give them proper places to live in. As long as parents and children, young men and young women, sometimes even two families, are crowded into one room, the ordinary rules of decency are almost of necessity disregarded. I did not discover any unusual immorality among the higher class of Charleston negroes, and with regard to the laboring class, everywhere and among all races, we see

"Evil effects from evil causes spring."

Still, even in these wretched courts, I met with some singularly beautiful characters—men and women who, hungry, suffering, bent with ill-usage and toil, have told me with radiant faces how "de Lord Jesus come and sot right down on dat chair" and talked with them; men and women who, in the beauty and simplicity of a wonderful faith, have had visions, and seen the "golden chariots swing low," and Jordan shine like the river of God.

"Yes, ma'am," said one of these women to me, "I am de richest woman in Charleston."

I looked round at the few pennyworths of pea-nut-candy, the can of milk, and the half-dozen sticks of green wood which composed her whole stock in trade, and then at the bright black face bound round with a white kerchief, and asked, "How is that, ELLEN?"

"Well, chile," she answered, her face brightening all over, "I don't know A B C, but I know de Lord Jesus Christ! Let me tell you how, chile. Four years ago I buried my dear partner, and when I came back from de funeral, thar was jist bread 'nough for supper, and no more. Well, 'bout five o'clock next morning I riz up from my bed, and I got down on my bendings [knees] right thar, and I battled with de Lord fur breakfast fur me and de chillen. By-'n'-by comes a boy fur a nickel's worth ob milk. I gib it to him, and then down I knelt ag'in, and I says, 'Thank you, Lord, thank you; but 'tain't 'nough, Lord; send some more, good Lord, send some more, Lord.' Pretty soon a boy come 'long, and he buys twenty cents worth ob wood. Den I goes and wakes up de chillen. 'Come,' says I, 'git up now, chillen; Jesus done sent de money for de breakfast; and I's gwine to git it.' Ebery day since He's gi'en me 'nough; and some days more 'an 'nough. I don't know A B C, miss, but I know de Lord Jesus Christ—and I'm de richest woman in Charleston."

BEANS AND POTATOES.

Incidents of simple faith as remarkable as this are abundant in these wretched hovels, and setting aside the religious aspect of the question altogether, I could not but regard with wonder the influence of this intangible comforter. St. PAUL has told us what faith was to the early Christians; if he stood among these Charleston negroes to-day, I think he would give a still broader definition. He would say, "Faith is a faculty of the soul which enables men who have nothing to possess everything."

Hid away in a dark hot little room in one of the inner courts I found a woman utterly destitute, blind, and helpless, yet as calm and content as a child. "The Good Master"—a favorite name for the Lord—she said, "He saw I was so much taken up wid what was a-gwine on by de wayside, and didn't gib 'tention 'nough to what was a-doing in my soul's house, so He sent His angel to *draw de curtains ober my eyes.*"

"De Lord is mighty curious 'bout de way He does wid His chillen," answered another woman.

Religion is, indeed, so much a part of these negroes' lives that it is impossible to speak truthfully of them without giving it an apparent predominance. Yet if there is any place in this world where mountains could be moved by faith, I should say that these are the people who could work the miracle.

Generally the woman is the provider for the whole family, and even when the man works, the wife takes in washing or sewing, or goes out to day's work, it being an understood thing that she is to provide clothing, while he undertakes for the rent and food. In most cases, however, the woman takes care of the whole family.

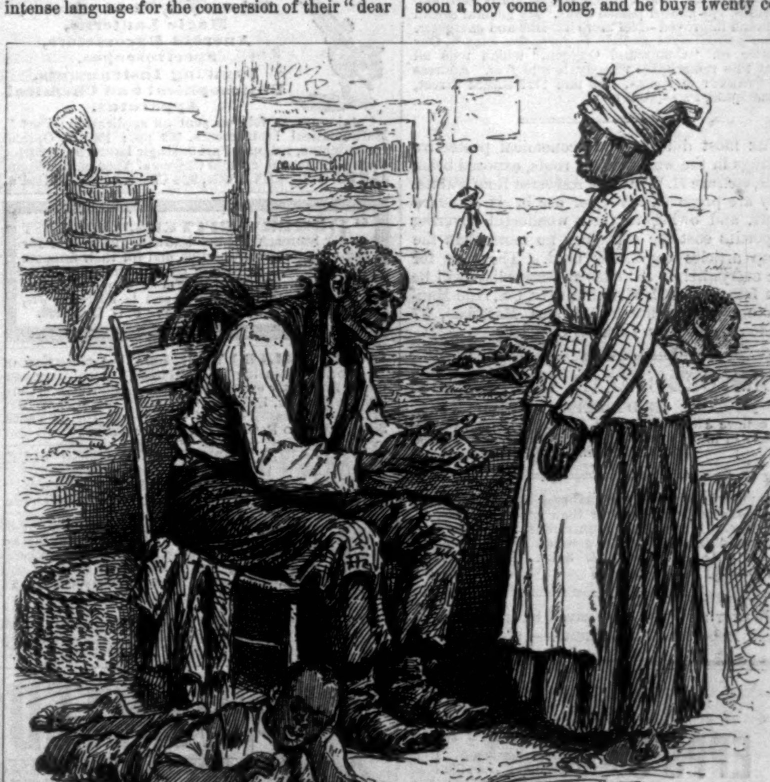
The most picturesque and interesting class of Charleston negroes are, I think, the licensed venders. Some of them, both men and women, are very handsome, and all of them seemed to be endowed with most amusing eloquence. If the vender was of a religious turn of mind, he mixed up Scripture and vegetables, fish and fruit, in a style which could hardly fail to attract attention. I have heard them with an intense solemnity inform the inhabitants of a street that this was their last chance to buy vegetables, the last time they were going through the street that day, and that no more beans or potatoes were to be bought, though perhaps a stout handsome negress, with large gold hoops and bright turban, and a great flat basket on her head, was crying "Beans and potatoes" a block behind him.

Sometimes their local and political hits are very clever, and elicit hearty laughs. Again, their peculiar use of any long, fine-sounding word that they have caught is very amusing. I once heard an old man crying: "Strawberries, superfine strawberries gwine by; strawberries, *supernoctial strawberries* gwine by."

Charleston market, to an epicure, would be a place to loiter in and dream of dinners. Every delicacy that can tempt the eye and the palate is there. The place is sweet and fresh, with a marvellous wealth of flowers, and there is a never-ending free entertainment in the piquant and comical invitations to buy from the negro women, seated, not on the ground, but *up* among their wares. One thing detracts from the idyllic charm of this really picturesque market—the number of buzzards that abide there, seemingly quite at home, and on the most familiar terms with all the habitués of the place. They are, however, the scavengers of the city, and are protected by law, a fine of five dollars being imposed for injuring them.

There is hardly anything the colored men and women dread so much as going to the hospital. Yet the Roper Hospital, a portion of which is open to them, is a beautiful building, admirably ordered, and scrupulously clean. I visited it very often during a stay of nine weeks, and I believe that the colored patients were kindly and intelligently treated.

But the negro is a born herbalist; his faith is in weeds and roots, and it was really pitiful to see their anguish of disappointment when I refused to smuggle in their beloved plantain leaf. One man suffering with acute rheumatism begged me in the most impassioned manner to get him some rattlesnake oil to rub himself with, assuring me that it would cure him. After some search I succeeded in getting it from some country negroes. It was clear, not unlike olive-oil in appearance, and had a faint indescribable smell. It was extracted, so the negroes told me, by hanging the snake before a slow fire, the oil dropping from between the body and the skin. Whether



HOSPITALITY.

the oil or his faith in it worked the cure, I know not, but certainly he was immediately relieved by its use. I must not forget to state that the head of the rattlesnake is cut off before it is subjected to the fire process.

The negroes' fear of the poor-house is still greater than his fear of the hospital, and I must say that this terror has a just foundation. There is one comfortably sized building and numerous rows of cabins, but into every room three or four paupers are crowded. Gaunt poverty, decrepit old age, terrible deformities, consumption, dropsy, paralysis, and disease in some of its most loathsome forms hold here a delightful carnival.

From statistics given me by the ward physicians it is evident that consumption and dropsy make great havoc among the colored race since their emancipation—the dropsy, I believe, in most cases the result of insufficient or improper food. The slightest bruise, in nine cases out of ten, if not attended to at once, becomes in negroes an ugly eating ulcer. During my short stay in Charleston I knew six women with ulcers of from two to three years' standing.

One of these women I thought I could cure, and I went every day to attend to her. She had a large brindle dog called Prince, that had received a very ugly bite from a neighbor's dog. When I first attended his mistress, he regarded me with the utmost suspicion, and, standing close by me, watched everything I did with a critical eye. After three days' consideration of my ways, he seemed to have satisfied himself that I was no quack, for after I had finished with his mistress, he came and lay down at my feet, licked his own sore, and looked rather authoritatively in my face. After a little hesitation I bathed and dressed his wound, he standing perfectly still during the operation. Every morning, when he saw me coming, he followed me into the house, and waited until I had dressed his wound, and this he repeated until he was quite well, when he never noticed me again. I was disappointed at his want of gratitude, but that is exactly how Prince treated me. I can only suppose that his instinct taught him that in my heart I hated and dreaded dogs, and that therefore, though he was willing to take advantage of my charity, he felt no more kindness to me for it than the patients in a hospital feel for its supporters. And though I did not gain his affection, I gained his confidence, for he never afterward barked at me, and he suffered me to go into his mistress's room without following and watching me.

I saw a class of negroes in Charleston who greatly interested me, but whom I had not time enough to visit, because they live far out of the city, and their speech is so barbarous that it would require some little time to establish an intelligent communication with them. Some of this class work in the rice fields; others, still more picturesque, live on the sand-bars and islands adjacent, and are the fishermen of this locality.

I think, from what I saw of them, that their lives would afford very distinct traits, songs, and traditions; and I hope at some future day to touch it below the surface. I tried to talk to them, and understood enough to feel sure that, as far as their religion is concerned, they need a missionary as much as any tribe in Central Africa.

There is among the Charleston negroes, as elsewhere, a kind of religious aristocracy. The *élite* of colored society go to St. Mark's Episcopal Church, the well-to-do middle class to the Centenary Methodist Church. Here, as in Georgia and Alabama, there exists many congregations of "shouters." I was present at one of their services. The women crowded about the altar, keeping up a constant half-step dance to a really beautiful song, of which I only remember one line:

"Let us walk in the light of God."

The sermon was nearly an hour long, and consisted only of these words, "David, the son of Jesse; shout, brudders, shout!" Evidently this was a mere word of command or encouragement, the real worship consisting in the dance, the singing, and the shouting. I can not say that as a service it commended itself to my spiritual nature, but in some inscrutable way it really did seem to comfort and satisfy the poor creatures who participated in it.

The Baptists are the strong body among the Southern negroes. The Roman Catholics can not gain any permanent hold upon them, mainly, I believe, because they dearly love to have a voice in the church services themselves. They have intensely religious natures, but they are actively, not passively, religious; and they like to do their own singing and praying—yes, and their own preaching likewise. B.

THE GOLDEN FLEECE.

THE most famous of all foreign orders of knighthood is the Golden Fleece. It was founded by Philip, Duke of Burgundy and Earl of Holland, styled "the Good," possibly because he murdered several of his nearest relatives. However, Philip meant well, according to his dim notions of right, and really governed his subjects pretty fairly. On January 10, 1429, he founded the famous order which is inseparably associated with his name. Some ninety years after our Edward III. instituted the more renowned order of the Garter.

The name of the Golden Fleece had a twofold signification. It meant to typify the spirit of chivalrous adventure, of going into new lands to conquer new fame—the same spirit which actuated the Argonauts of legend, who went in search of the Golden Fleece. But there was also the religious idea. The Saviour has been represented under the form of a lamb. To win His redemption by "knightly" deeds, in the best signification of that noble word, was obviously an object of the new society of chivalry.

High privileges were early conferred on the Knights of the Fleece, whose number was originally limited to thirty-one. When the Counts of Egmont and Horn were illegally executed under the reign of Philip II. on account of the stand they made for the liberties of their country, they both appealed against the sentence, alleging, amongst other reasons, that, as Knights of the Fleece, they had the right to be tried by their brother knights.

After the war of the Spanish succession, which left a Bourbon on the throne of Spain, there arose a dispute between the Emperor and the King of Spain as to which of them had the right to the sovereignty of the order. The question is an extremely complicated one. The Emperor Charles VI., as heir male of the Hapsburgs, might fairly claim the knightly heritage as his right. On the other hand, Philip of Bourbon might urge descent through an heiress, and plead that in Spain and the Low Countries the Salic law had never been recognized. The matter was finally arranged through treaty, the Emperor and the King of Spain being recognized as joint Grand Masters of the order, with equal power to name knights. The Austrian and Spanish badges of the order are almost, though not quite, identical in form. Each has the well-known collar of gold and flint stones, with the typical device, "Ante ferit quam flamma micat," though the nobler legend runs, "Pretium non vile laborum."

The Archdukes of Austria and the Infants of Spain are all, as a rule, Knights of the Fleece. In later years the order has been conferred with what must to heralds have appeared undue freedom. For instance, on M. Thiers, who was not even "noble," and, indeed, had the sole merit of being President of the French republic, and one of the greatest men living. Then it was that political oddity called the Spanish republic which bestowed the distinction of the little red collar-ribbon on M. Thiers. The Duke of Aosta, by-the-way, while figuring as Amadeus I. of Spain, sent the Fleece to a distinguished Castilian nobleman, who returned the decoration without a word. It is a waste of words to characterize the conduct of this grandee as it deserves. Why the foreign house of Savoy should be less entitled to respect than the foreign house of France it would be difficult to explain.

The Prince of Wales is a Knight of the Golden Fleece—the only Englishman who enjoys that distinction. The Spanish order was conferred on him when he was ten years old, the Austrian some time later. Not long ago it was whispered that his Catholic Majesty was rather anxious for an exchange of ribbons between the courts of S. Ildefonso and St. James. He wanted the Garter for himself, and would have conferred the Fleece on the Duke of Edinburgh, or on Prince Albert Victor of Wales—perhaps on both—to secure for himself the most coveted of all decorations, without which no sovereign feels that he belongs to the inner circle of royalty.

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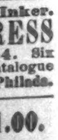
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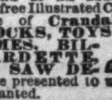
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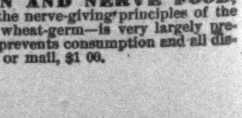
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